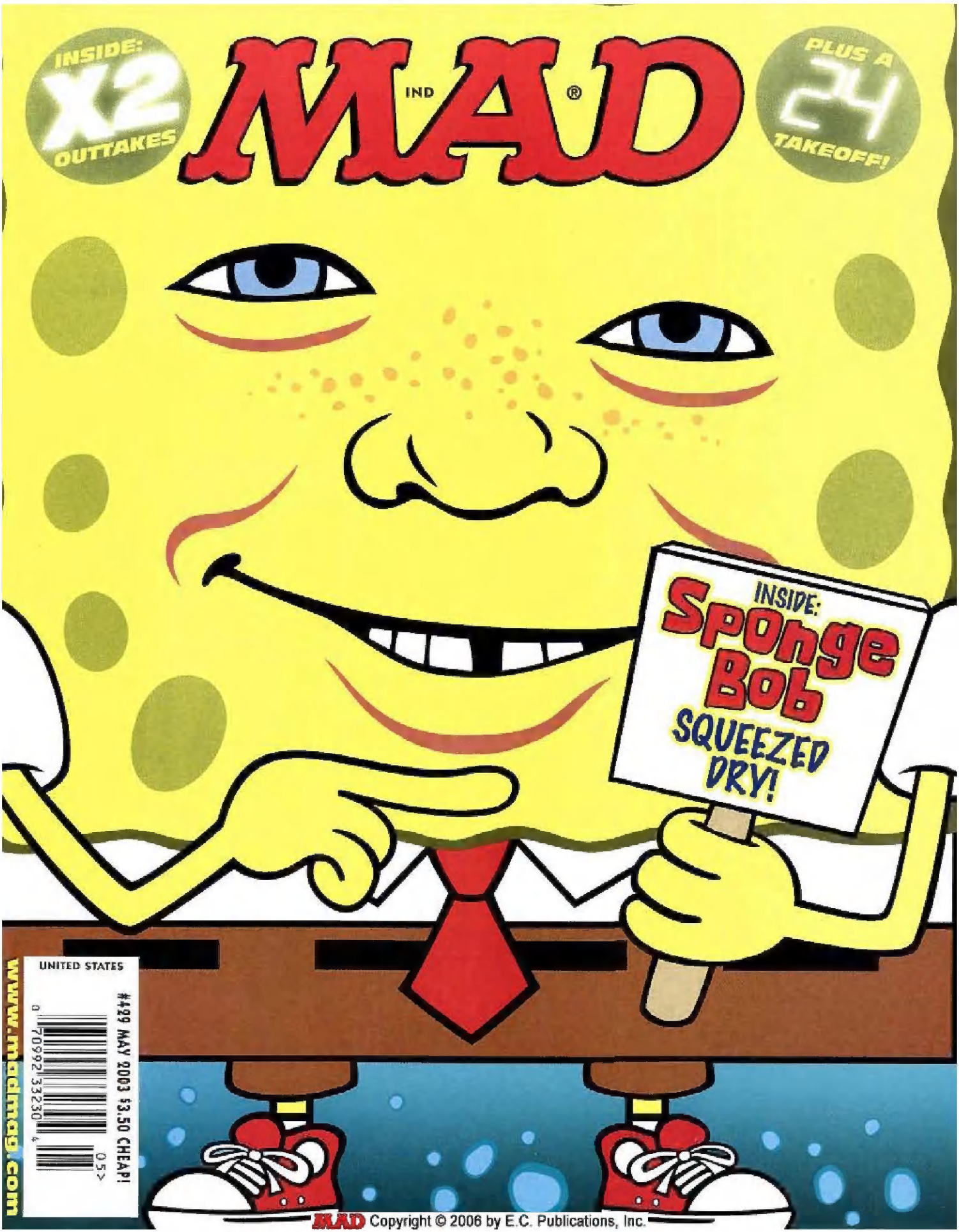
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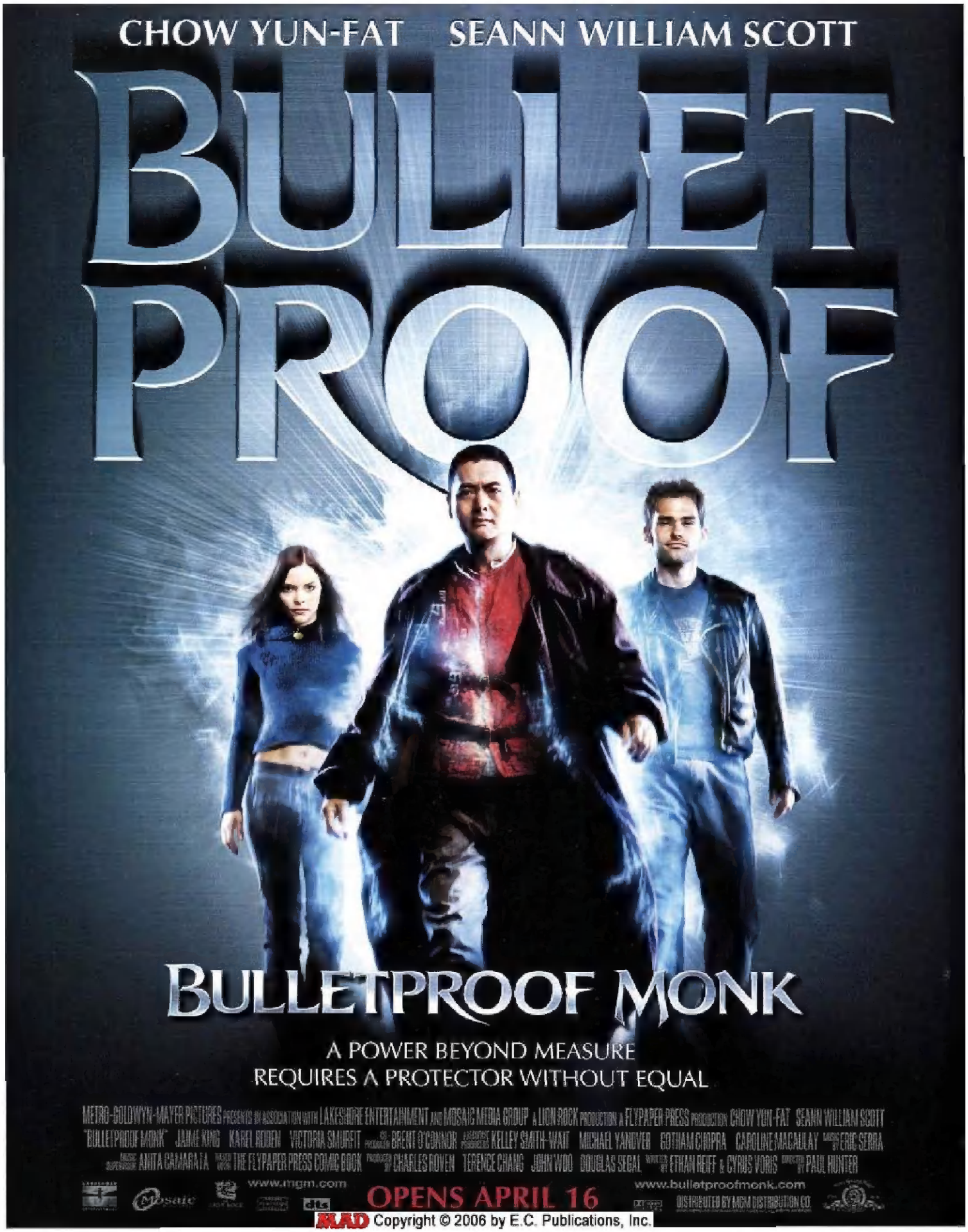
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BULLETPROOF MONK
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MAD

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Plenty of people believe in energy conservation— mainly their own!

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Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

I have a wish for the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*. I would like to turn my own room into a MAD subscription office. I would love it if you guys could send me all the necessary things needed to do my job. I require no pay and I don't require a computer.

Bryan Glezerson, Alberta, Canada

Bry — We have good news and bad news. The bad news is we do not think your letter qualifies for the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*, for it is our belief that every MAD reader should turn their bedroom into a satellite MAD subscription office! So here's the good news: even though your wish doesn't qualify for a dumb wish, we are providing you with 1,000 postpaid MAD subscription cards. To get them, simply go to a magazine shop in your area and buy up all the MADs. There will be two cards in every issue you purchase. Take these cards and hand them out to all of your friends and pester them incessantly until they subscribe to MAD. Then continue to pester them until they open up a MAD subscription office in *their* bedroom. Tell them they can get the cards the same way you did. Welcome to the MAD organization — we're happy to have you on board. See you at the company picnic! —Ed.

HAVING A WEE BIT OF FUN

I just saw MAD #426 and in it, I saw some things about Enron. Well, you guys must like making fun of them, so I thought I'd fax you something that really happened to me. Me and a few of my "guy" friends were riding around Houston and we accidentally found the Enron building. It was about 3 a.m. and my cousin decided he needed to pee while we were stopped at a light in front of it. Jadrual (my cousin) jumped out of the car and leaked on the front entrance door handles. My other friend thought this looked like fun, so he went to join. We circled around the block of abandoned streets and when we came back towards the front, they both hopped back in really fast and yelled "Go!" I said, "What's wrong?" and it turns out they were spotted and the cops were called. We took off and passed the speeding cop car on the way home! We never got caught, but we still make fun of them!

Sarah di Sparti, via Fax

Spar — We don't know what the cop's problem was. If you got caught you could have simply explained that you were doing a mere re-enactment of what Kenneth Lay and all his cronies did to the Enron shareholders. One thing — you did wash your hands before writing this letter, right? No? Ewwwwwww! —Ed.

GREETINGS FROM THE GRAYBAR HOTEL

In MAD #427 you said you didn't know what NASCAR stood for. You probably have millions of letters saying it means National Association for Stock Car, but they are wrong. It really means Non-Athletic Sport Centered Around Rednecks!

Dan Dooley, Camp Hill, PA
P.S. — I'm the only guy on my cellblock who subscribes to MAD and I get lots of smokes renting it out. Thanks.

Oh Danny Boy — Thanks for your letter. It supports what we've maintained for years: there's no better way to pass the time serving a 5 to 10er than with MAD Magazine. See you at the parole board hearing! —Ed.
P.S. — Have you considered a subscription to MAD XL and MAD Color Classics? You could double your smokes intake!

LOOKING TO THE STARS

I was reading the Letters Page of your magazine when I noticed something. Once an issue you give a free three-year subscription to your magazine to a person who gets their picture taken with a celebrity and a copy of your magazine. I was wondering: what do you consider a celebrity? Do you mean movie stars? Public interest figures? Or is it just someone who is very popular? Please clarify this for me.

Cameron Ledbetter, Union, SC

Cam'Ron — Thanks for your letter and we understand your confusion. To help you out, we have prepared this handy reference tool to clip and keep in your wallet:

CELEBRITY	NOT A CELEBRITY
Siegfried	Roy
Ronald McDonald	Mayor McCheese
Dixie Chicks Emily Robison and Martie Maguire	Fat Dixie Chick Natalie Maines
Osama bin Laden	Mullah Omar
Mary Kate	Ashley
Ruth Bader Ginsburg	Sandra Day O'Connor
Catherine Zeta-Jones	Tommy Lee Jones
	Zach Braff

WHAT A LOAD OF RAP

I have noticed that MAD often showcases hardcore rappers in their articles. Do you think that hardcore rap has the ability to change the world for the better? Would you know what the sayings "Word to your mother," "aight," "word up" and "It's off the hook" all mean? Just wondering, my fellow enlightened scholars of the highest wordly order.

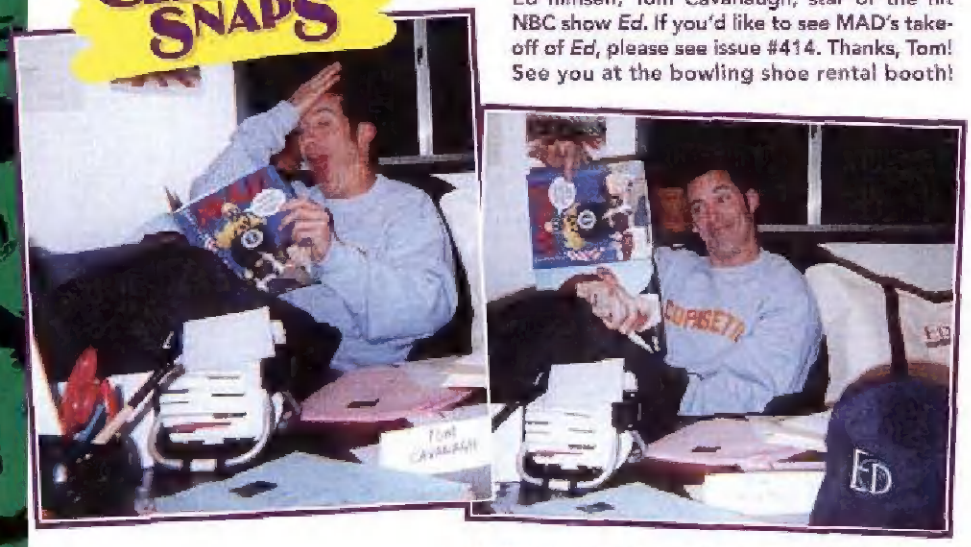
Carlos Pico, Bronx, NY

Yo Dawg — We're jiggy wit ya...a-hole! Bling Bling! —Ghostface Ed. Killah

MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

TWO EDs ARE BETTER THAN ONE

We were pleased as punch (Whatever the hell that means!) to receive these photos of Mr. *Ed* himself, Tom Cavanaugh, star of the hit NBC show *Ed*. If you'd like to see MAD's take-off of *Ed*, please see issue #414. Thanks, Tom! See you at the bowling shoe rental booth!



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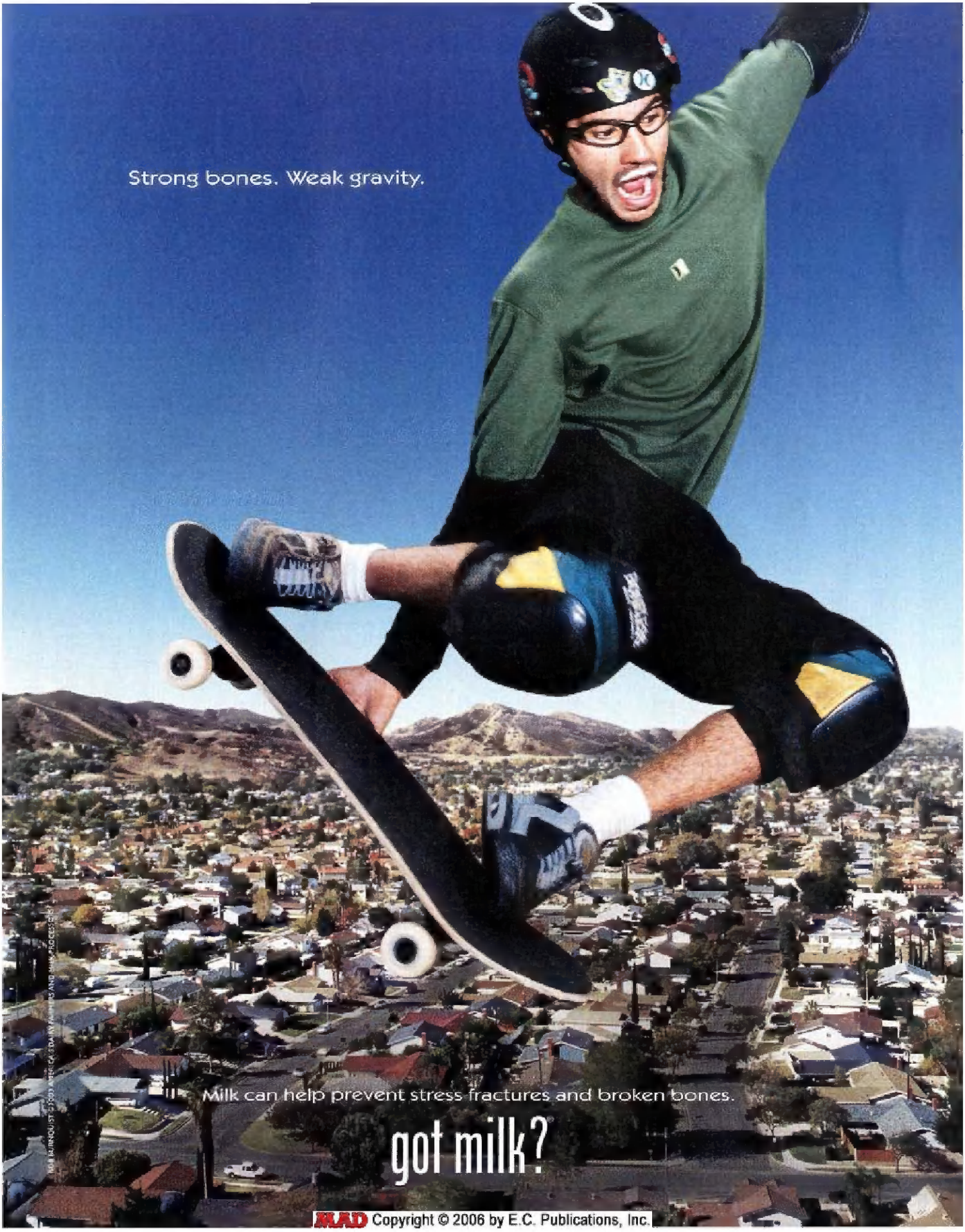

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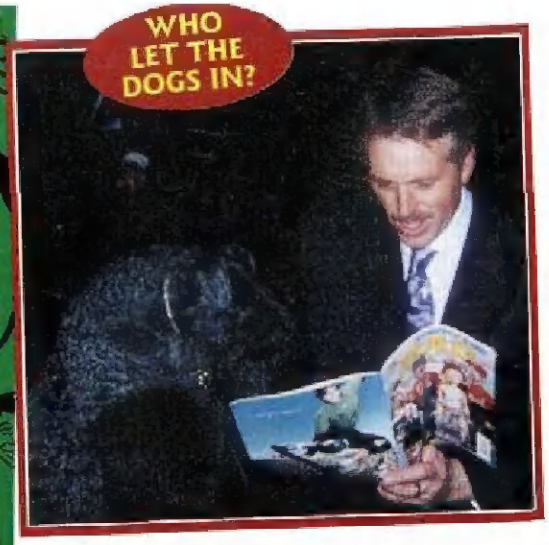
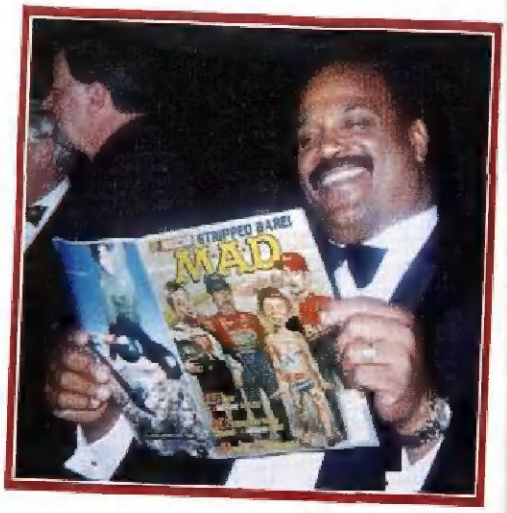
WHO LET THE DOGS IN?

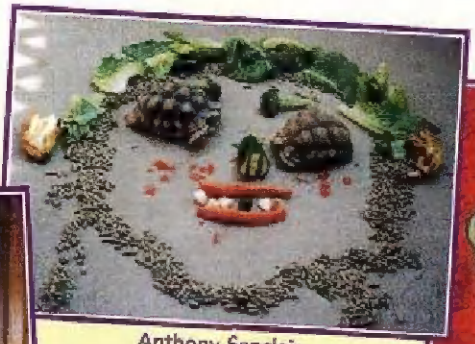


As fans of the Westminster Dog Show, all six of you will readily recognize the star of this canine snap as none other than this year's Best In Show winner Ch. Torums Scarf Michael, aka Mick, with his handler Bill McFadden. Mick the Kerry Blue Terrier won the competition for his good looks, smart grooming and great sense of humor, which he said he honed by reading every issue of MAD since he was a puppy. While at the show, Mick read quite a bit of the new issue to former CBS weatherman and current co-host for Westminster on the USA Network, Mark McEwen (shown right). Our congratulations to Mick on winning, and our eternal thanks for not taking a leak on our magazine (ditto to Mr. McEwen)! Ta!

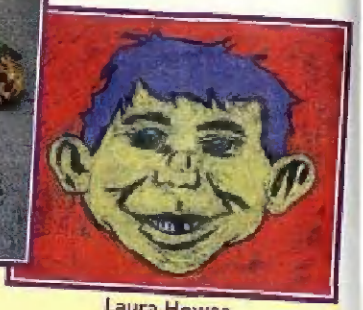


THE BIG EASEL

Back in MAD #423 we challenged readers to create Alfred E. Neuman's face in a medium of their choice. Well, the results have been pouring in like a busted open sewer pipe! Here's some and we encourage more! Send entries to Amy "The Big Easel" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019!



Anthony Sanclair,
Lake Forest, CA
Vegetables and Tortoises

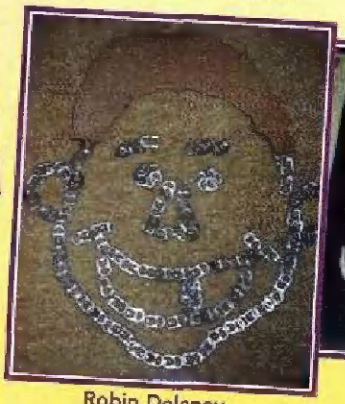


Laura Howes,
Aurora, IL
Chalk on Black Paper

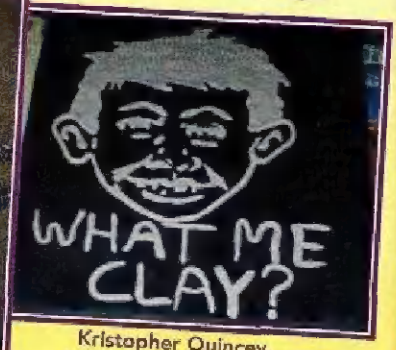
Timothy Dale Stine,
Fairfield, IL — Beans

Steven Boyle, Danville, CA
Lite Brite

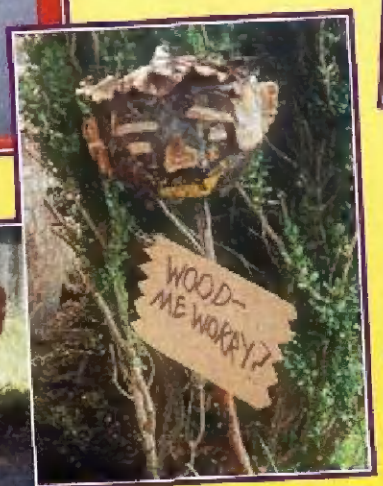
Jim Demsey, Rowley, MA
Magic Etch-A-Sketch Screen



Robin Delaney,
Bradfordwoods, PA
Can Tabs and Cardboard



Kristopher Quincey,
Saskatchewan, Canada
Clay on Black Binder



Katrina Pecina, Cedar Hill, TX
ABOVE: Tree Bark and Glue on
Styrofoam with Leaves and Branches
LEFT: Dog and Cat Food Treats and Crisco

SENT BY Michael Rottler, Ludwigshafen, Germany
LEFT: Cookie Dough RIGHT: German Coins

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Naughty little bears

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MAD Celebrity Visits

Back on the Letters Page in MAD #422 we printed readers' interpretations of the line "Am I Your MAD Magazine?" from a Suzanne Vega song called "Machina Ballerina." To our surprise, the response was overwhelming. To our greater surprise, Miss Suzanne Vega herself showed up on MAD's humble doorstep bearing, among other things, an Alfred E. Neuman bust that she made herself when she was 13 years old. Thanks to Suzanne for bringing this treasure by for us to see. Suzanne, you are our MAD Magazine!

SYNTAXING OUR PATIENCE

Issue #426 contains a grammar error in the first sentence on page eight in "Schlubs." It should read, "The long shifts we interns have to work really affect our judgment." Mentally delete the words "...we interns have to work..." and you'll see this makes the subject-verb agreement easier to understand.

Frank P. Reynolds, M.D., Jacksonville, FL

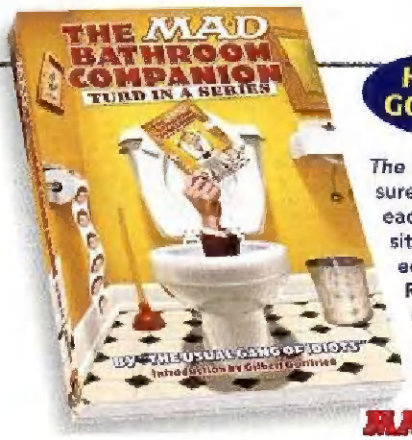
Reynolds Wrap — Thank you for your insightful letter. Perhaps you can help us understand another sentence. In the sentence "Up yours!" who is the subject referring to? Mentally delete all of the possibilities and you'll see it makes it easier to understand that it's you! —Ed.

MASTER FRAUD

Due to an unexplainable error in our computer network, we regret to inform you that all of your credit cards have expired. Please put your current card numbers and expiration dates in the next issue ASAP, so we can fill in this error and re-establish you account. We promise we are real and are not just trying to steal your money.

Jake Smith, New York, NY

Smithy — Thanks for your very thoughtful note. As best we can tell, only one MAD contributor ever qualified for a credit card, and that would be Arie Kaplan. Arie's credit card number for his Caldor account is A3333 35 9968, expiration date 12/2003. On behalf of Arie and the entire MAD staff, thank you for helping us out of this difficult situation! —Ed.



HERE WE GO AGAIN!

The MAD Bathroom Companion III is sure to make a splash! We guarantee each article can be read in one sitting — and that you'll be on the edge of your seat the whole time! Remember: The turd time's the charm! On sale NOW wherever books are sold!

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the usual gang of idiots

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EVERYONE E — No Descriptor — ESRB

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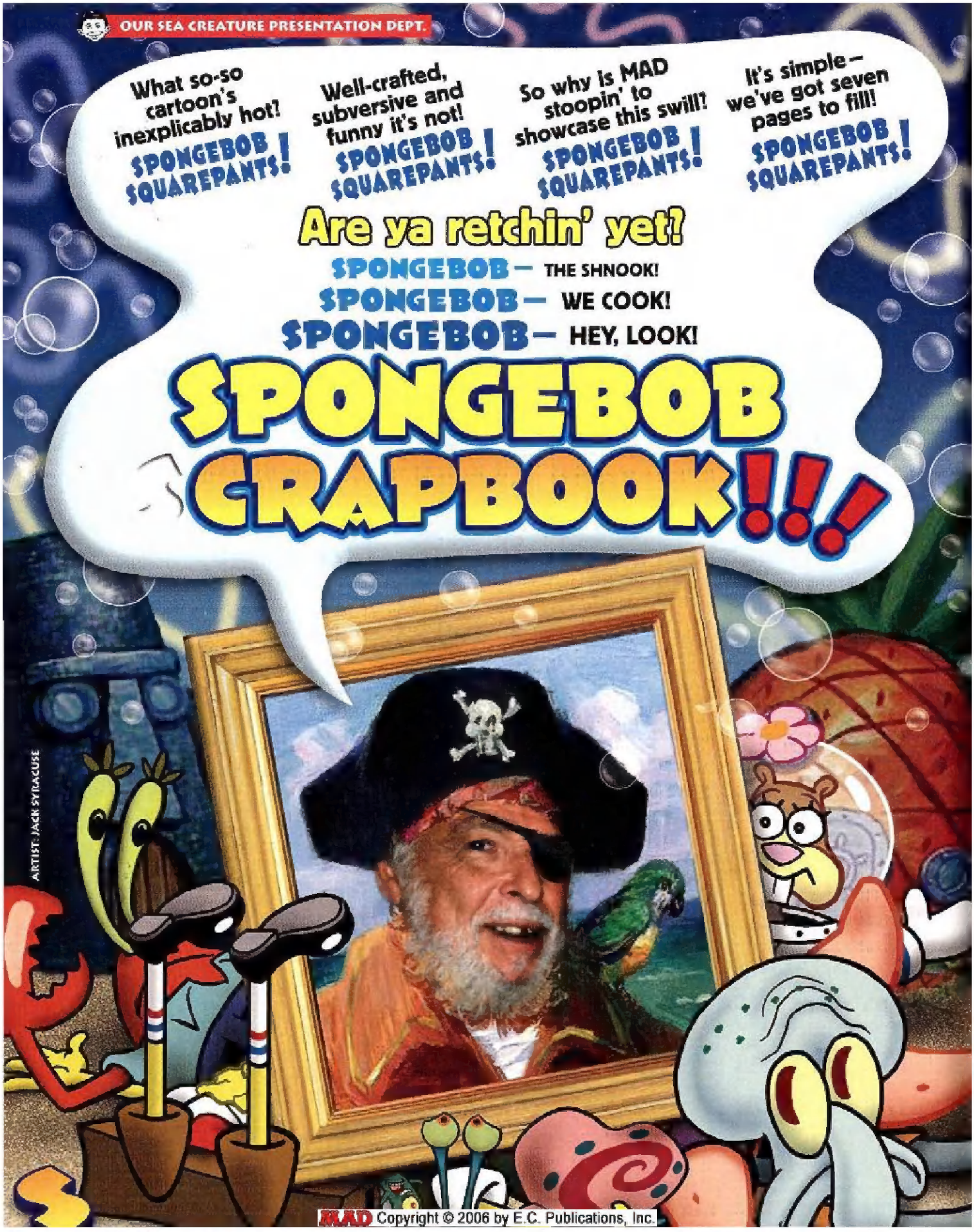
OUR SEA CREATURE PRESENTATION DEPT.
What so-so cartoon's inexplicably hot? SPONGEBOB SQUAREPANTS!
Well-crafted, subversive and funny it's not! SPONGEBOB SQUAREPANTS!
So why is MAD stoopin' to showcase this swill? SPONGEBOB SQUAREPANTS!
It's simple— we've got seven pages to fill! SPONGEBOB SQUAREPANTS!
Are ya retchin' yet?
SPONGEBOB— THE SHNOOK!
SPONGEBOB— WE COOK!
SPONGEBOB— HEY, LOOK!
SPONGEBOB CRAPBOOK!!!
ARTIST: JACK SYRACUSE
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SpongeBob SquarePants may be hot right now, but it's only a matter of time before it completely runs out of steam. (Hey, if it can happen to *Providence*, then no show is safe!) And when a TV show starts to get stale, there are only a few ways producers can save it. They can work on improving the writing. They can redouble their creative energy. Or, if they're lazy (which is pretty much a given), they can just add some crappy new characters in a desperate, last-ditch attempt to goose the ratings and maybe sell some schlocky toys. That said, be sure to look for...

NEW SpongeBob SquarePants CHARACTERS for the UPCOMING SEASON

CRAPPIE CATFISH
Runs a rival restaurant called The Bottom Feeder, which serves "83 Fabulous Flavors of Excrement." When his restaurant's cuisine gives dysentery to all of Bikini Bottom, Crappie loses customers, but expands his menu.
PARASITE PETE
This non-lovable character lives inside Patrick and is widely thought to be the only intestinal parasite character on TV. (If not the only one, at least the most obnoxious.) His main catchphrase is, "Hey, Fatso, keep those mussels coming through your intestines!"
DR. SIGMUND FLUKE
The local psychiatrist, who is concerned that Squidward's obsession with the clarinet may signal a latent homosexual tendency, while Mr. Krabs' nipple-like eyestalks must have something to do with an Oedipal complex. Fluke encourages everyone to "get in touch with your inner cod" and "please pay the receptionist on your way out."
SPONGEBILL HOTPANTS
SpongeBob's older brother (the one the family doesn't like to talk about) owns The Leatherback, a fetish bar a few blocks from the Krusty Krab, located in Bikini Bottom's "Red Algae District."
PINCHLEY
A lobster who's into S&M, Pinchley can usually be found at The Leatherback. He enjoys wrapping his claws in rubber bands and having a partner pour hot butter over him.
MORTY MANDIBLE
Disembodied head of a scuba diver, who is still looking on the positive side while trying to locate the rest of his body. Expect many awful puns, like "Your best days are a-HEAD," "Keep a-HEAD of the game" and "My vertebrae got crushed and severed."
THE BARNACLE BUNCH
From Daphne, the "jingoistic barnacle," to Patches, the "vegan poetess," they're 30,000 barnacles — each with a distinct personality! Or so we assume...since they're all completely silent and totally immobile! Things get slightly more interesting when a piece of seaweed briefly drifts by the rock they're attached to.
CONTINUITY CLAM
Robs the show of joy by pointing out logical inconsistencies. Typical rant: "Come on, now! It's implausible enough that a sponge could talk. But how, pray tell, does a squirrel live underwater for that length of time? And even if a snail could verbally communicate, would it really say 'meow' repeatedly? Come on, folks, let's look at some Jacques Cousteau documentaries to see how things really work!"

ARTIST: GAR

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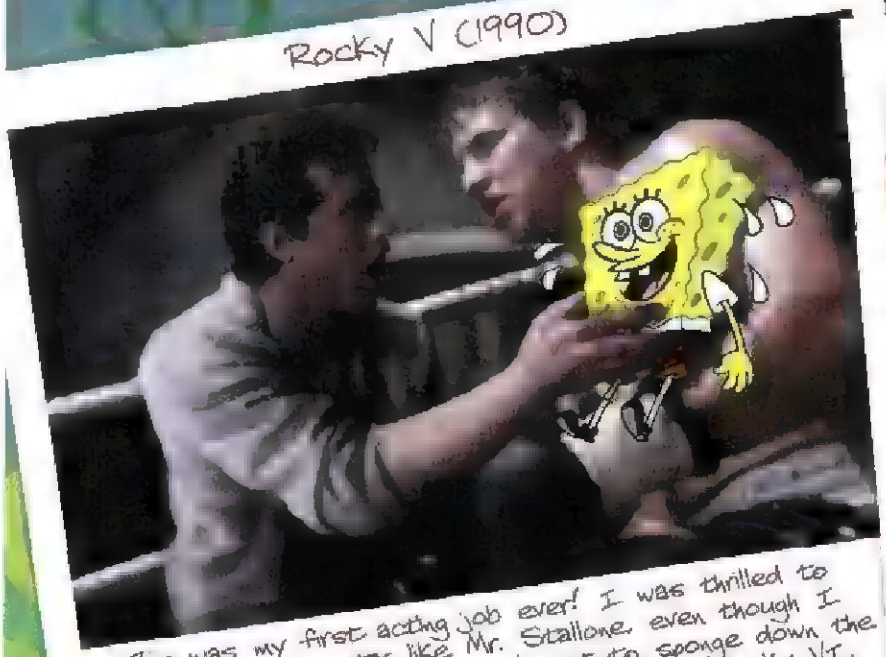
SpongeBob SquarePants:

These days everybody may love SpongeBob almost as much as Raymond (which isn't saying much!), but the plucky invertebrate sure took his lumps on his way to superstardom. His days as an often overlooked bit-player in Hollywood are chronicled in humiliating detail right here in...

Rocky V (1990)



This was my first acting job ever! I was thrilled to work with a big star like Mr. Stallone, even though I was a little disappointed I didn't get to sponge down the champ himself. Maybe I'll get the chance in Rocky VI, though — my agent says Sly keeps begging me to sign on because the movie needs a box office draw!

Pretty Woman (1990)

I landed this key role, but got fired on the first day of shooting. Julia Roberts caught me peeking under the bubbles!

Titanic (1997)

Granted, I didn't have a speaking role, but I'd like to think part of the reason this became the #1 movie of all time was because of yours truly!

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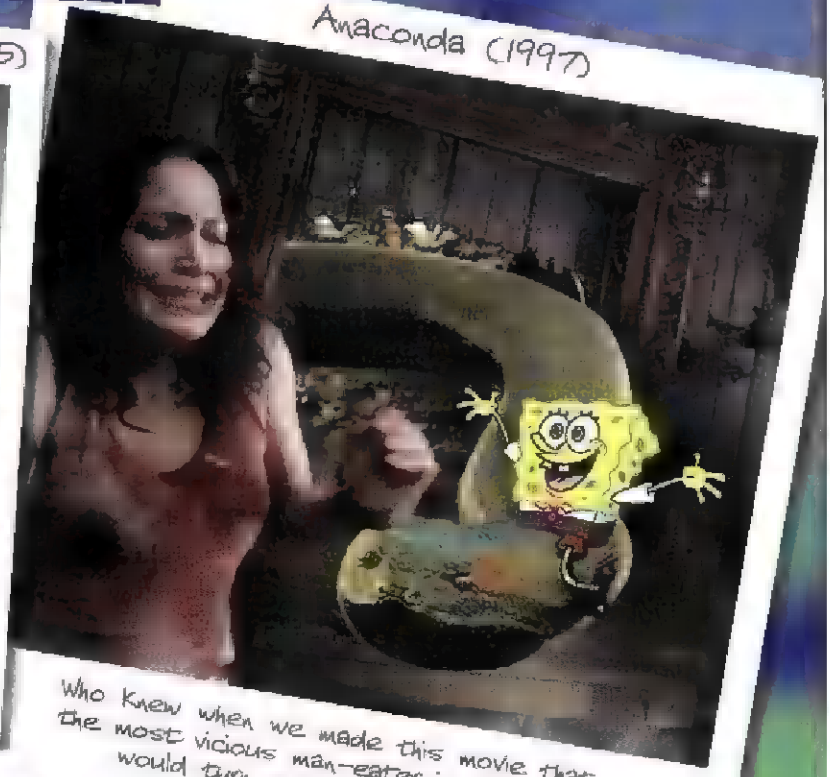
pre-stardom Acting Gigs

Seinfeld's "The Sponge" episode (1995)

Here I am on the set of Seinfeld. Not many people know this, but I was the technical adviser for the controversial "sponge-worthy" episode!

Anaconda (1997)

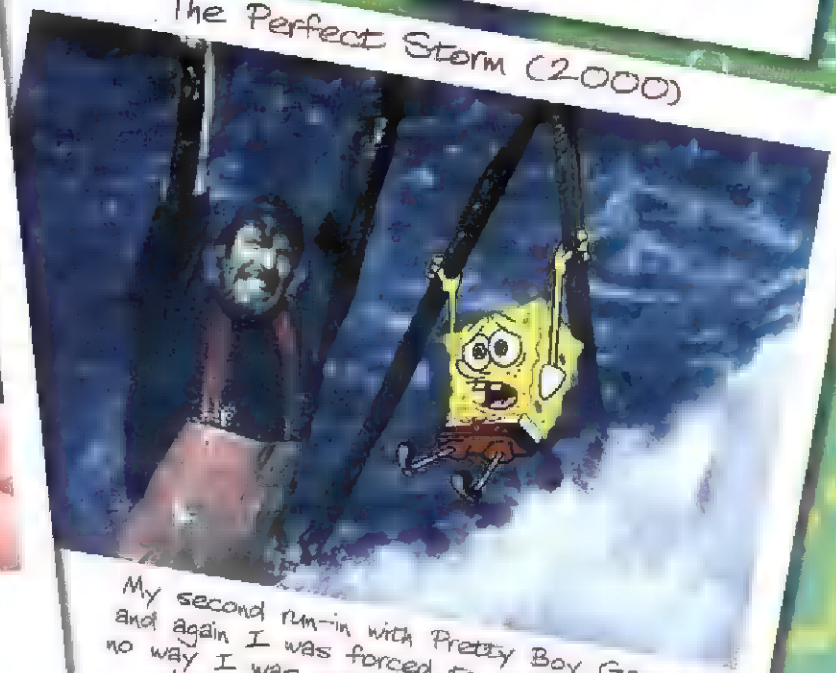


Who knew when we made this movie that the most vicious man-eater in the cast would turn out to be J-Lo?!

ER (1997-1998)

I had a recurring role as a surgical prop on ER, but eventually wound up quitting after the writers opted for that pretty boy George Clooney as Julianna Margulies' love interest instead of me!

The Perfect Storm (2000)



My second run-in with Pretty Boy George, and again I was forced to quit. There was no way I was going to let them use me to clean up after Clooney got seasick!

ARTIST: SCOTT BRICHI

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You may think *SpongeBob SquarePants* is repetitive and annoying, but the upcoming movie promises to be different! For one thing, it'll be much longer! But what the *SpongeBob* feature *really* needs is a big time Hollywood "auteur" at the helm to prevent the film from turning into box office chum. And who better than self-proclaimed living legend, M. Night Shyamalan, whose talent for making undeserving blockbusters (*The Sixth Sense*, *Signs*) out of repetitive, annoying material is unmatched! That's why we urge studio execs to reconsider...

M. Night Shyamalan's Proposal for the *SpongeBob* Movie

When **SpongeBob SquarePants** gets snared in a commercial tuna net and almost dries to death, he begins to question the meaning of marine life. He quits his job at the **Krusty Krab** after witnessing a series of strange "carp circle" phenomena. The chills continue when **SpongeBob** confesses to **Doctor Fish**, "I see Dead Sea Scrolls."

This film will meditate on the rigors of **individuality** and the inability to form lasting **relationships** in this all-too-brief, transient plane of **existence** — through a series of profoundly **metaphorical** underwater cream pie fights. As in my previous films, the storyline climaxes with a surprise **plot twist**. The audience will love this unexpected ending because it's exactly the kind of ending they've come to expect from me.

To play **SpongeBob** himself, the obvious A-list casting choice is **Vin Diesel**. (The resemblance is uncanny, right down to the lack of body hair.) If **Vin** is "too busy," my next choice is **Emmanuel Lewis**. He's hot coming off his show ***The Surreal Life,*** and his body has actually retained a peculiar square shape which would be well-suited for the role.

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I'm hoping **SpongeBob's** feisty love interest, **Sandy Cheeks**, will be played by **Julia Roberts** — who has the Southern accent and absurdly-huge teeth the character requires. I've already locked down **Woody Allen** for the part of the self-loathing, whiny, clarinet-playing **Squidward**. And as for **Patrick**, SpongeBob's chubby, dim-witted sidekick, I'm pushing hard for **Andy Richter**, a natural since he's already had experience playing second fiddle to a freakish-looking, way-too-eager-to-please, bizarrely-named dork.

The Sixth Sponge will probably end up costing slightly more than ***Waterworld*** and ***Titanic*** combined — primarily because it will be shot **entirely underwater**. This, of course, means that each take can last no longer than twelve seconds, because otherwise the actors will drown — which is expressly prohibited in the most recent **Screen Actors Guild** agreement.

I plan to pepper the soundtrack with remixes of popular sea-chanties, helping ***The Sixth Sponge*** re-coup your investment by broadening its appeal beyond the traditional **2-11** age group and targeting the notoriously hard-to-reach **pirate demographic**.

Beyond the usual T-shirts and toys, ***The Sixth Sponge*** presents unique ancillary **marketing opportunities**, including a full line of **home cleaning** products, a limited time **Burger King "Krabby Patty"** and a **"SpongeBob" contraceptive**.

In summary, ***The Sixth Sponge*** is the ultimate American success story, the tale of a sponge who's porous as hell and not gonna **take it** anymore! It combines the intellectual complexity of ***A Beautiful Mind*** and the epic scope of ***Lord of the Rings*** with the Pan-African uplift of ***Barbershop*** and the raucous tomfoolery of ***Jackass: The Movie***. It's going to be **huge** — trust me!

ARTIST: DREW FRIEDMAN WRITERS: ARIE KAPLAN AND SCOTT SONNEBORN

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Who's the hottest Bob in entertainment? Not Bob Balaban, not Bob Denver, not Bob Geldof and certainly not Bob Dole. It's SpongeBob! And as quick as you can say *The Bachelor*, you know other Bobs will be copying his distinctive look as their own. Which means that any day now we'll be deluged with...

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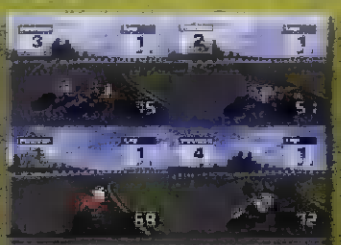

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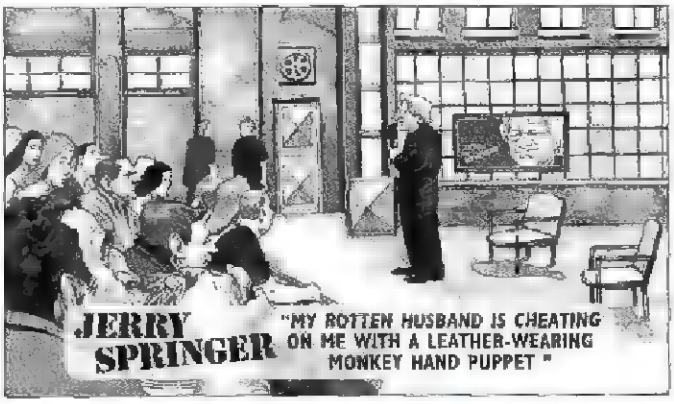
THE CHAT 'N THE STAT DEPT.

MAD De TV TalkS

11:00 The audience lustily chants, "JERRY! JERRY! JERRY!" The constant repetition helps to remind them where they are.

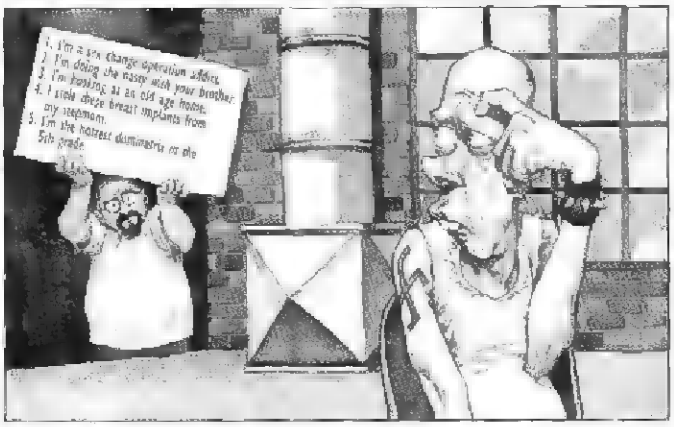
11:02 The red brick wall, the bad improv, the tired premise, the hooting audience: all that's missing are the dry $8.95 chicken wings and you've got yourself another hellhole comedy club.

11:03 Jerry introduces today's elaborate, sentence-long show title, whether it's "I Want You to Fess Up Now, and Admit You're My Bastard Child's True Babydaddy," or "If You Don't Lose 200 Pounds, I'm Gonna Dump Your Chicken Butt and Start Humping a Family of Midget Acrobats." Needless to say, they could save themselves some time in the writing meetings by just calling each and every episode "More Shrieking from the Monkey House."



11:05 The first guest sits down and tells their sob story. They're full of pride over something that any decent person would be ashamed of. Jerry pretends to be caring, when he's really out to exploit them. The human misery makes the audience very happy.

11:10 The show gets to the nitty-gritty: the BIG REVELATION. If the guest doesn't have a Big Revelation of their own, they are provided with one from the producers' checklist.


1. I'm a sex change operation addict.
2. I'm doing the nasty with your brother.
3. I'm hooking as an old age home.
4. I stole these breast implants from my stepmom.
5. I'm the hottest dominatrix in the 5th grade.

11:17 *There's always a second guest waiting backstage,* who "hasn't been told yet why they were invited on the show." The audience sees them in an isolation booth. However, *it's a little hard to feel sorry for someone who thinks maybe they're going on The Jerry Springer Show* to receive good news. It's kind of like getting a registered letter from the I.R.S. and saying, "Oooh, vacation photos!"

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THIS MONTH: JERRY SPRINGER

11:20 Once again, the backstage guest rockets out of the chute like a crazed rodeo bronco. This is so unplanned and impromptu that big bald Steve and the rest of the security force have already moved in and taken up positions before any bogus hooker slap-fights can ensue. Despite the screaming and gesturing, you get more actual violence from a Mike Tyson weigh-in.

11:24 The obligatory strings of curses begin, all of which get bleeped out. It's okay to end a marriage on national TV by breaking the news to the unsuspecting wife that her husband is having a sex change to be with her father. But please, language! Language! After all, there are crack babies watching.

11:28 Jerry lets people scream, threaten, name-call and make vile accusations until they start repeating themselves and get boring. Then, he steps in to play peacemaker.

You're just a two-dollar whore!
You're sayin' that cause I stole your man!
My man wouldn't go for no filthy skank!
Get on the floor like the dog you are!
You're just a two-dollar whore!
People, people, let's be civilized here.

11:31 Right about now, non-medicated viewers notice that the Nazi skinhead on today's Springer show was the deadbeat dad on last Thursday's *Maury*, and the amateur male stripper on *Ricki Lake* a week before that. How do these frauds sneak onto Jerry's program over and over? Frankly, there are only so many obese transvestites who are willing to dance on TV, and the show burned through all the legit ones by 1995. So, let's just say that the Springer producers "double-check" their guests' credentials with the same level of diligence that U.S. Immigration uses to double-check suicide terrorists' visas.

11:35 Text appears on the bottom of the TV screen under each guest's face and gets updated as they say things. This is a valuable feature for viewers with unbelievably brief attention spans.

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA
WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

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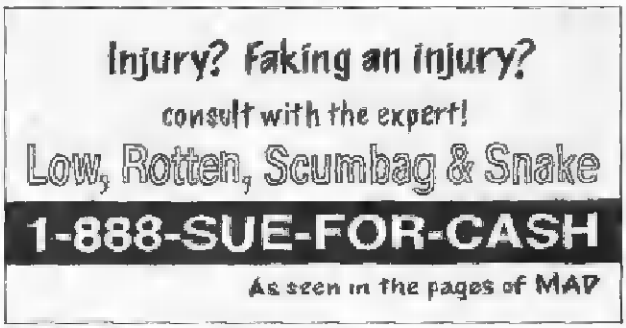
THIS MONTH: JERRY SPRINGER

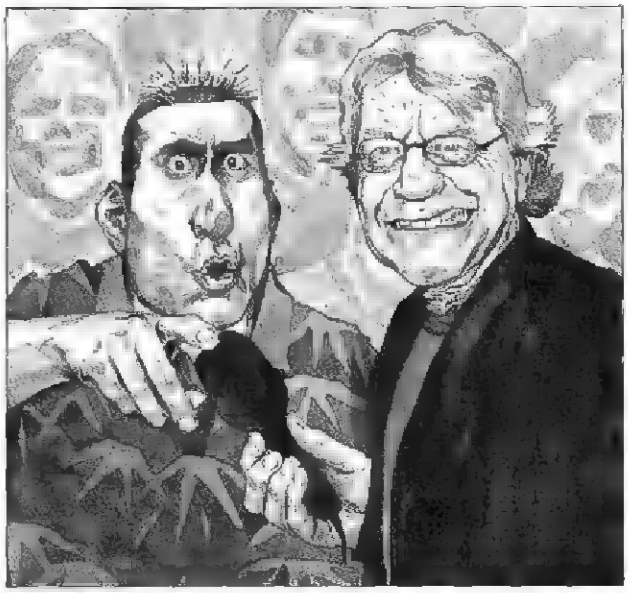
11:39 *A special filmed preview of an ex-spouse, ex-lover* or ex-hibitionist, all alone and "spontaneously erupting" at a video camera. They behave as if the camera's the one who was doin' the backdoor lovin' with their no-good lyin' dawg of a roommate. I hate you, camera! I hate you! It's good practice, though, because as soon as the person comes onstage, they're going to "spontaneously erupt" the exact same way, word for word.

11:44 Between segments, home viewers see ads for high school equivalency diplomas, bargain-basement legal aid for people who aren't sure whether they've been hurt or injured, prescription drugs, scam insurance, training programs for menial labor, and government property seizure auctions. But the advertisers for collectible coins, novelty *singing fish and psychic hotlines won't buy ad time. The Springer* demographic is a little too "low rent" for the sort of classy image those companies hope to project.



11:46 In case anyone missed the first set of guests, *they herd out fresh freaks and repeat the* identical routine four more times.

11:50 The audience gets to pepper the puffy-eyed hicks with questions of their own. However, the standard inquiry ranges from "Would you give that fruit loop a lap dance?" to "Why don't you wash yo' skanky ass and maybe you could keep yo' man?" The great philosophers, *from Socrates to Kant, categorize these kinds of questions* as "rhetorical."



11:58 A subdued Jerry sits alone on the stage, offering his "Final Thought." He wants his viewers to understand that succumbing to vicious and hateful miscommunication is counterproductive to living a happy life. And it's only to HELP them understand this that the first 49/50ths of his show is dedicated to showcasing that vicious and hateful miscommunication. Of course, he doesn't mention how dysfunctional scream-fests have enabled hosts like himself, Montel, Ricki and Maury to have exceptionally happy lives. The important thing is that viewers leave knowing that Jerry Springer will go *on fighting for morals, civility and love as hard as he can, every* single day, for one full minute.

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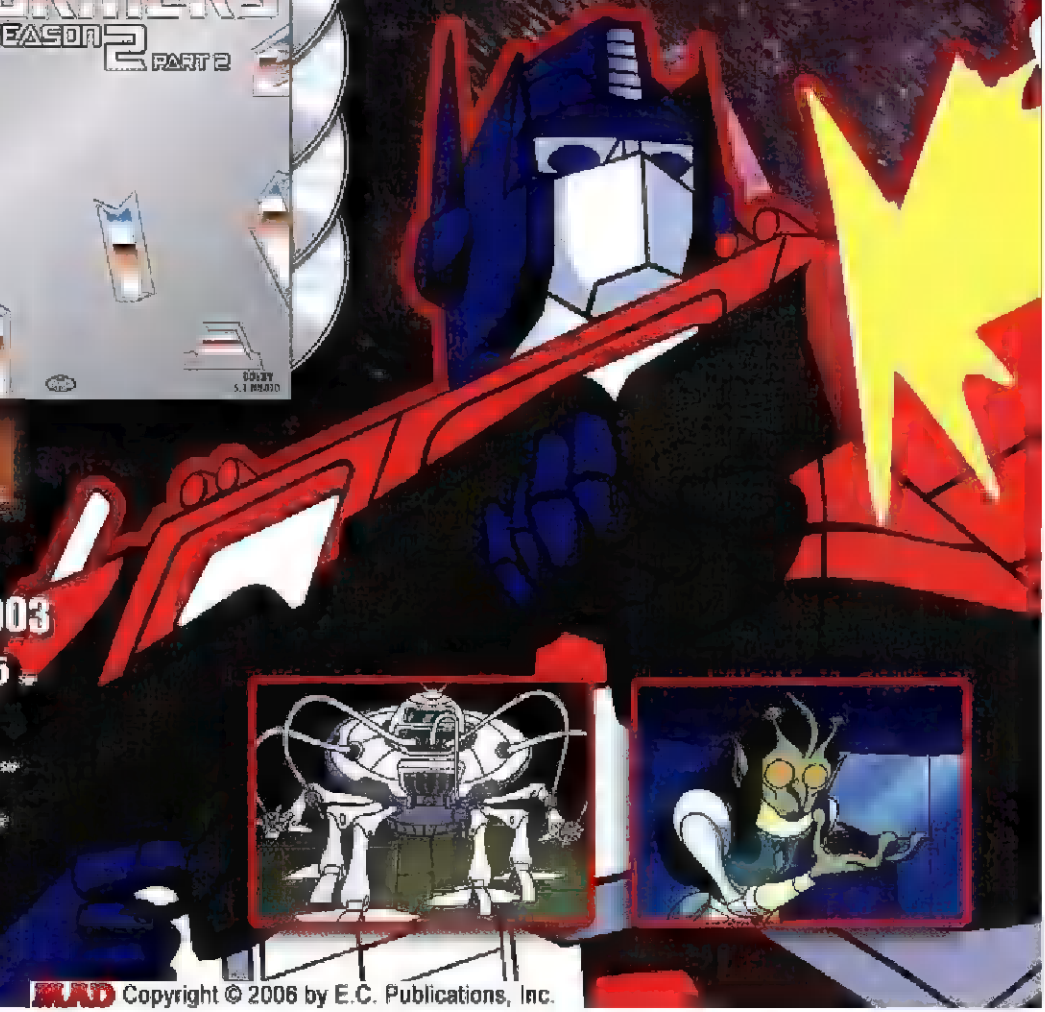

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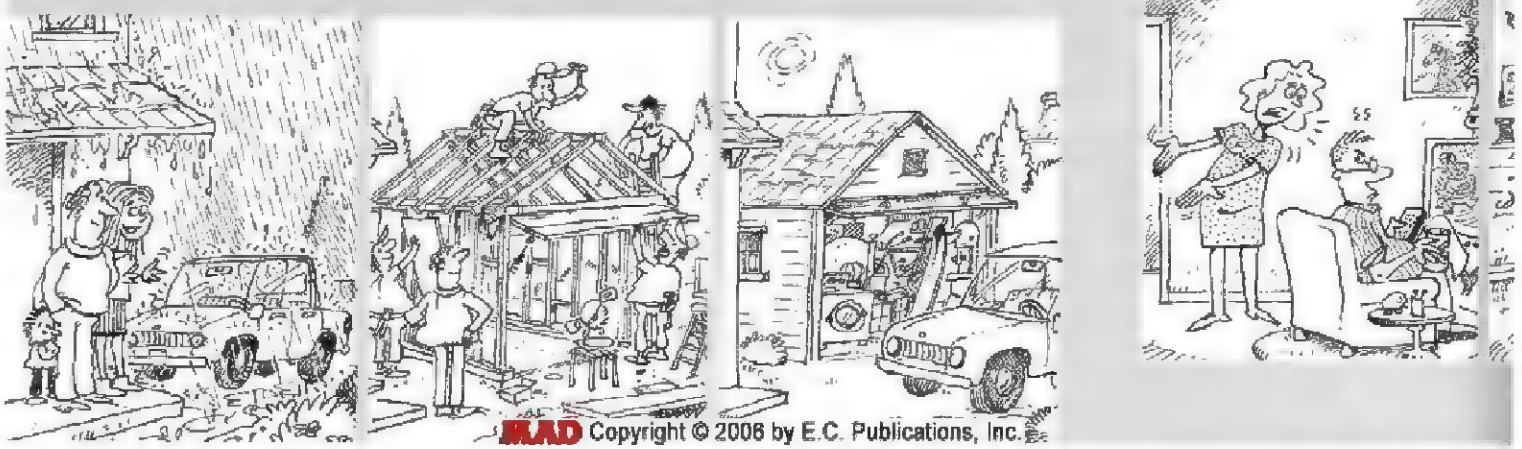

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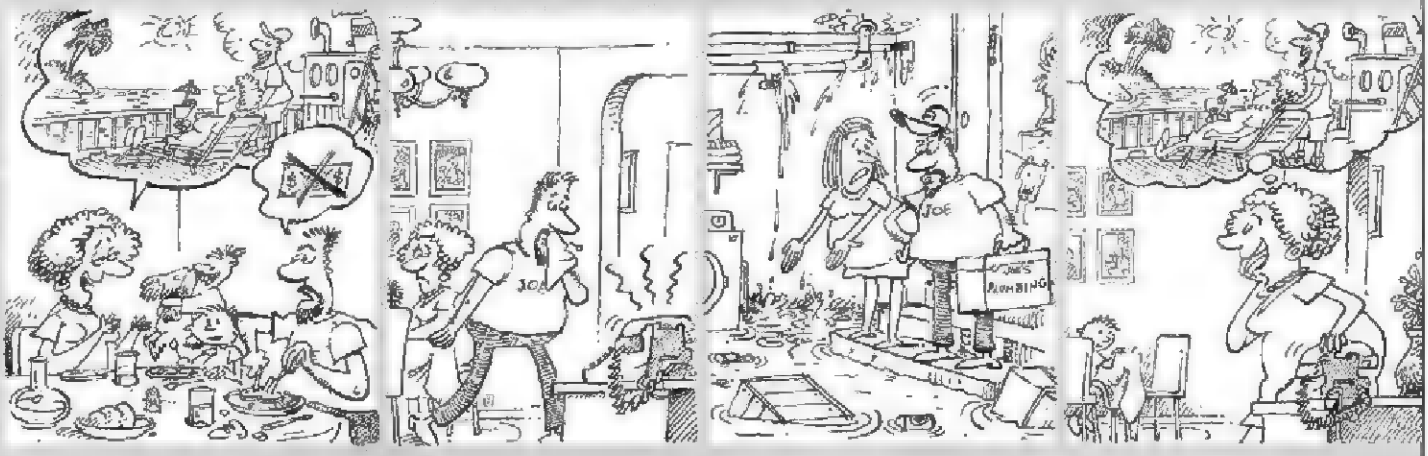

ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

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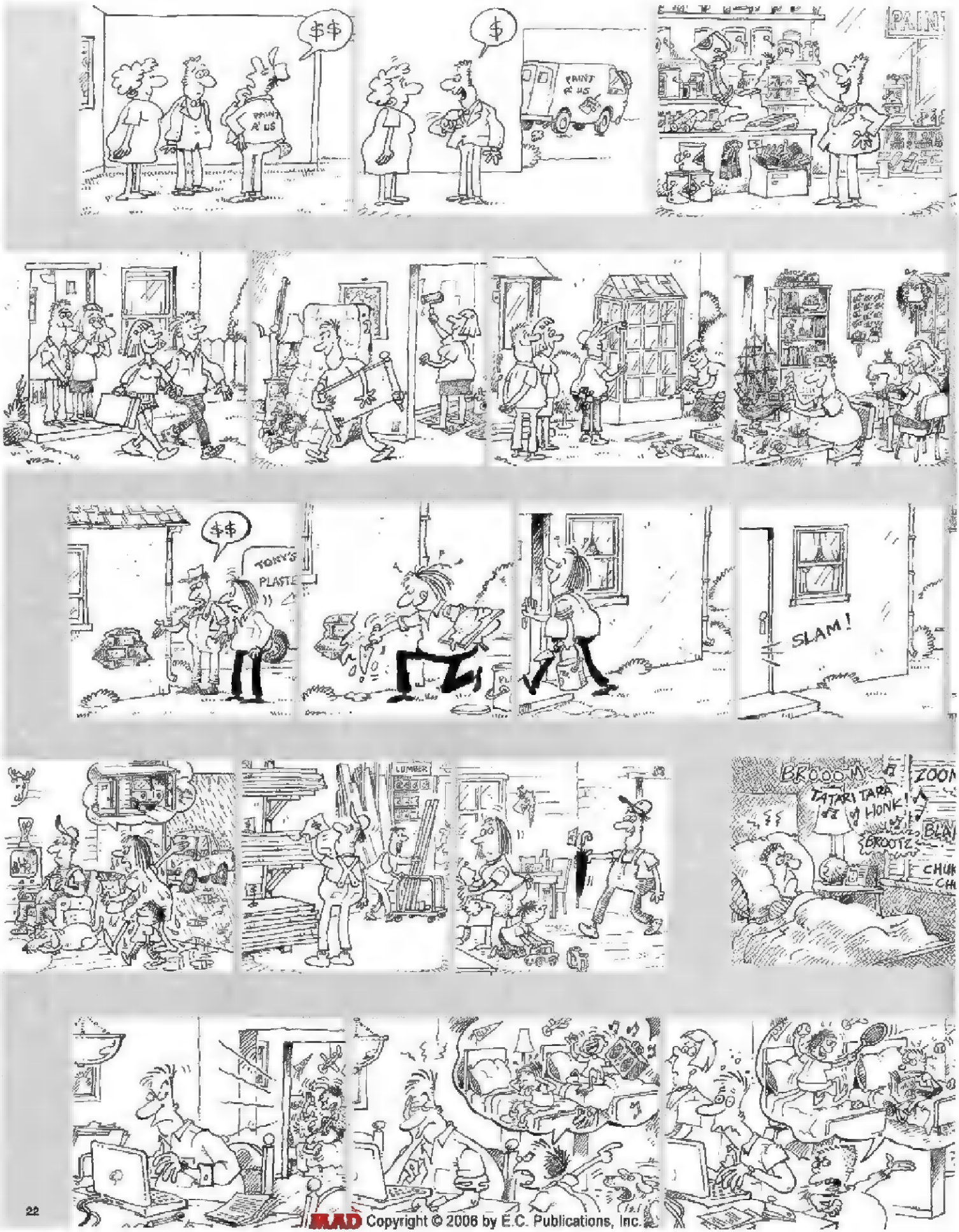

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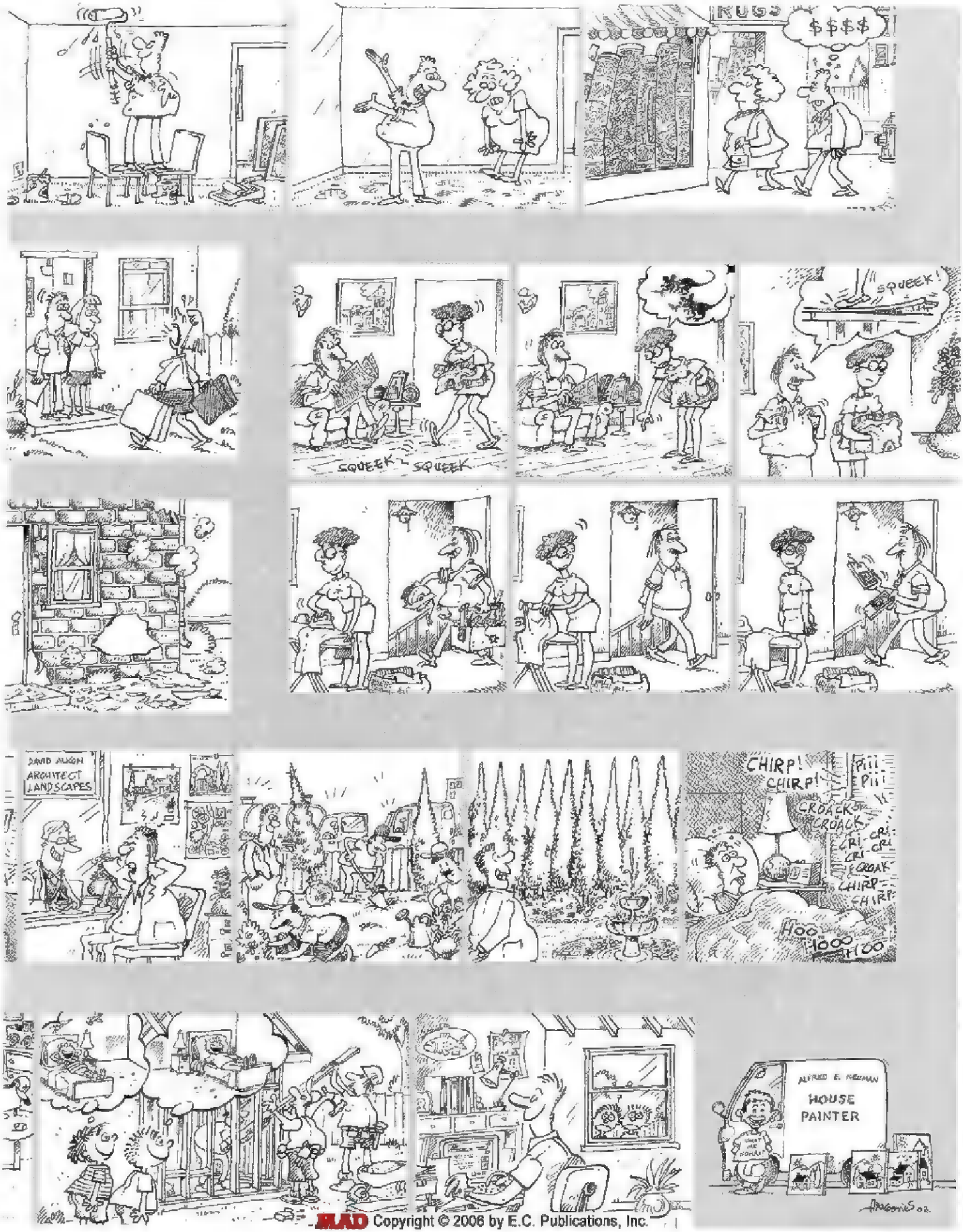

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In the last few years, it seems like everything around us has become sponsored by corporations. There's nothing as exciting as going to the Staples Center box office to pick up tickets for the Jeep Music Festival, unless you're taking in a ball game at Tropicana Field! Pretty soon, we won't be able to go anywhere that doesn't have a corporate handle! For that fateful day, here's MAD's handy guide to let you know...

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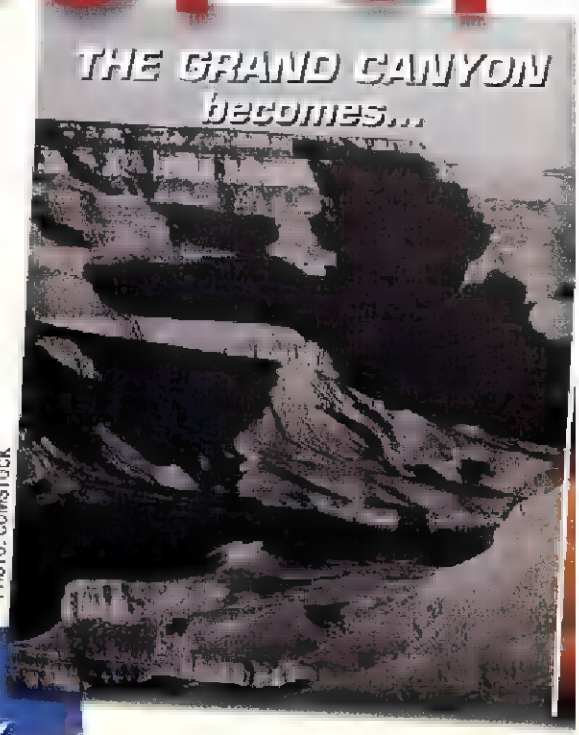

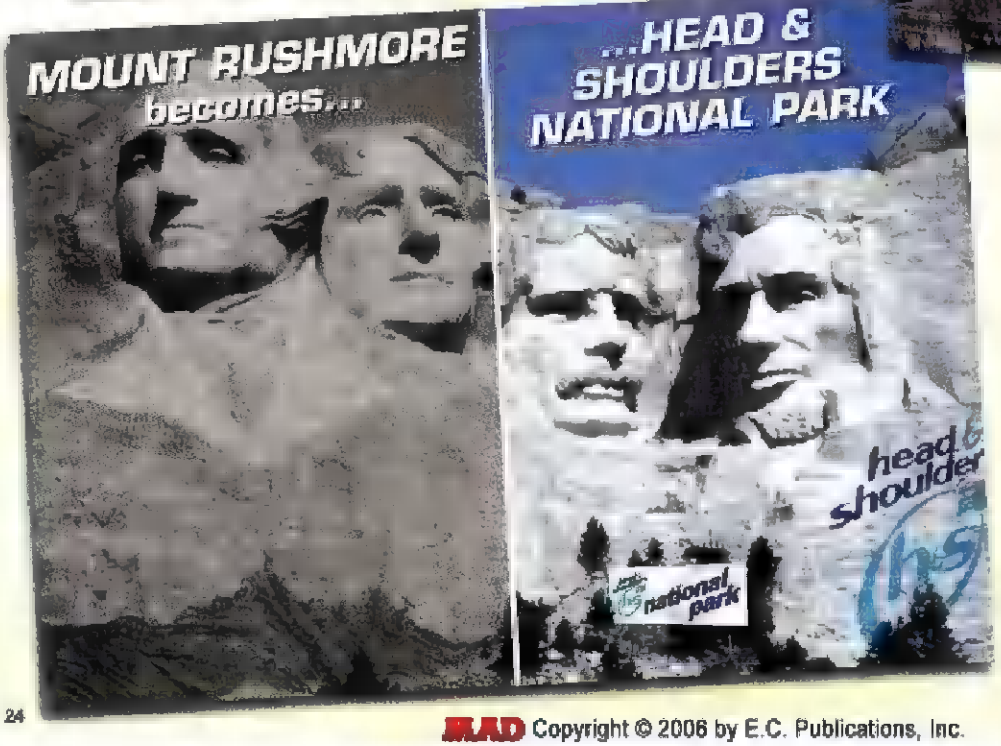

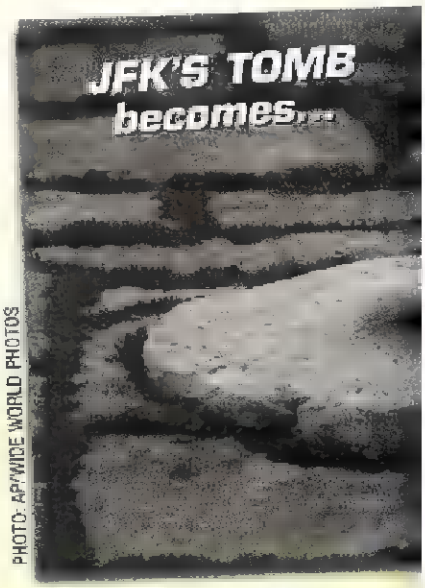

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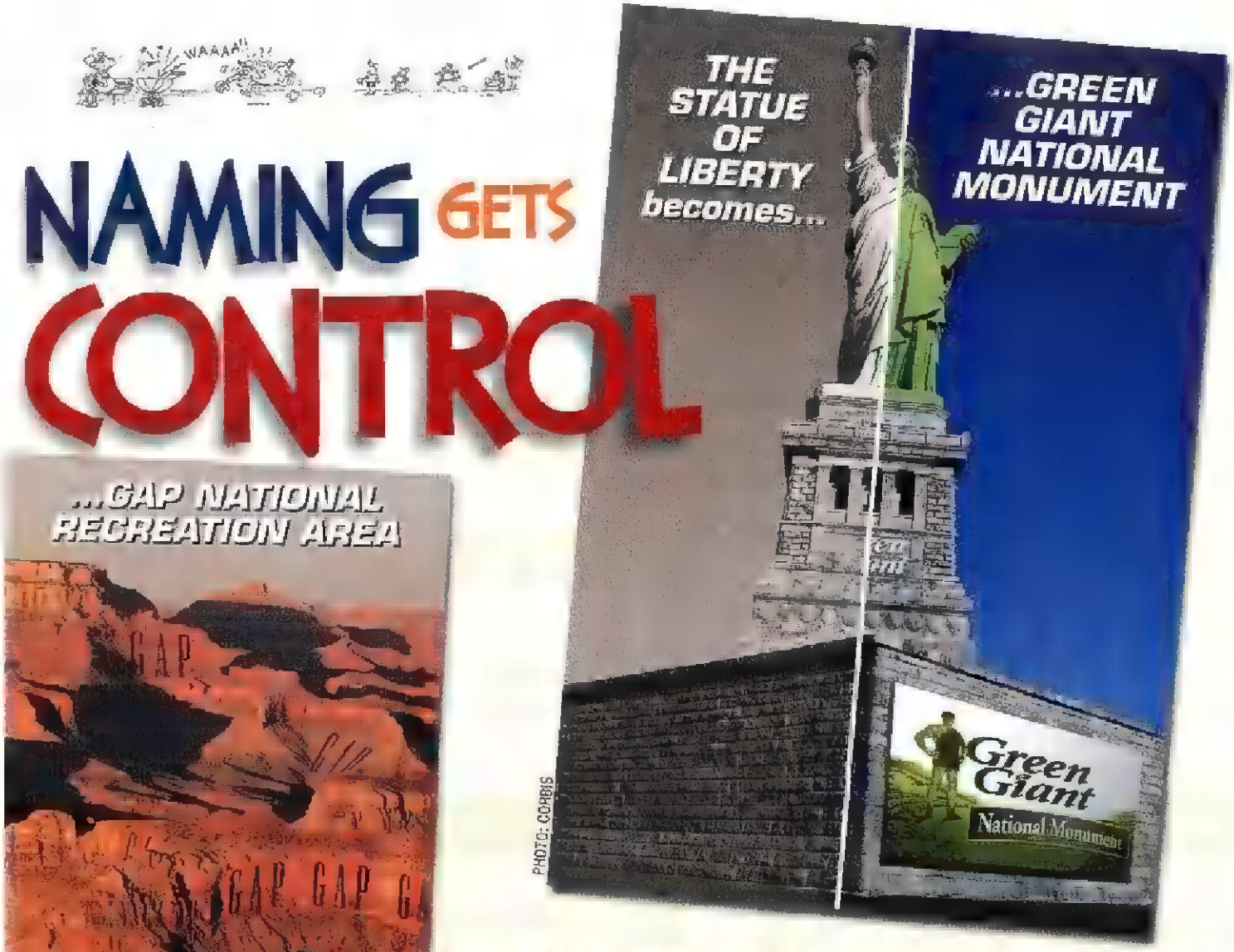

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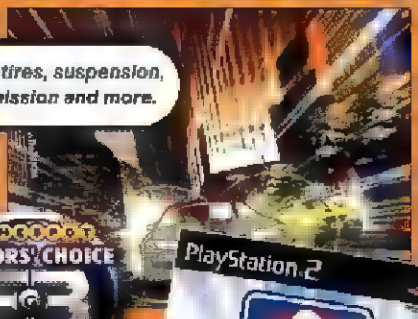

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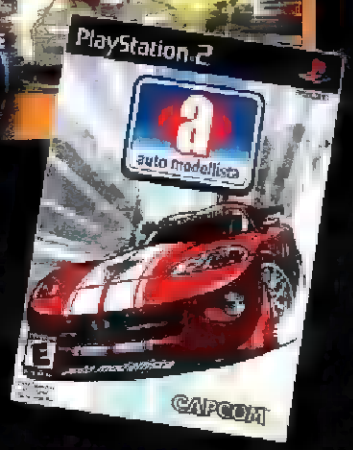

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Pack up the plates, we're bombing the place. It's...

MONROE and...

YOU FOLKS KNOW HOW TO GET TO THE HIGHWAY OUT OF TOWN?
IF WE DID DO YOU THINK WE'D BE HERE?
WHOA! YOU GUYS WITH THE CIRCUS?
CALL BIG TENT EXTERMINATORS AND MAKE PEST REMOVAL A THREE RING CIRCUS
CIRCUS? THERE YOU GO, BOY! PACK YOUR BAGS AND GET OUT OF HERE!
OH, THE TENT. NO, WE'RE EXTERMINATORS. TERMITE SPECIALISTS!
SPEAKING OF WHICH, LOOKS LIKE YOUR HOUSE HAS SOME SERIOUS TERMITE DAMAGE GOING ON.
YOU MEAN THAT ROTTING UP THERE? THAT'S ANTIQUING! GIVES THE PLACE CHARACTER!
OH NO YOU DON'T!
THAT'S RIGHT, SWEETIE, WE'RE GOING TO STAY WITH YOUR SISTER, TRIXIE!
AIM YER COOZIN PREM AVERLAND. WANT TO INBREED?
YAHOO!*
WHOA!
*SEE MAD #412
TRIXIE!
WELL HELLO, SUGAR!
AHEM!
SMAK
SO, UH, WHERE'S... ER... COLLEEN?
LOOK AT HIM ACTING COY.
LAST YEAR HIS NOTEBOOKS LOOKED LIKE A SERIAL KILLER'S WITH ALL THE "COLLEEN" THIS AND "COLLEEN" THAT.
HA HA, SHE'S KIDDING!
KIDDING? HE CUT HER NAME INTO HIS FOOT!
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! THE KNIFE... SLIPPED!
ANYWAY, COLLEEN ISN'T HERE. SHE'S ON HER WAY HOME FROM THE MALL. SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE. YOU CAN GO WAIT IN HER ROOM.
YES! I MEAN... UH... WHATEVER.

ARTIST: BILL WRAY WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI

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THE EXTERMINATORS

RIGHT! WELL LOOKY HERE. I GOT SOME POISON LEFT OVER FROM MY LAST JOB. I CAN TAKE CARE OF YOUR PROBLEM FOR YOU, ABSOLUTELY FREE!
MONROE, GET OVER HERE AND START TAKING SOME DEEP BREATHS!
I WAS TALKING ABOUT GETTING RID OF THE TERMITES.
CAN'T BLAME A GUY FOR TRYING.
BECAUSE OF THE POISON'S TOXIC FUMES, YOU'LL NEED TO TAKE OFF FOR A COUPLE DAYS.
THAT'S HIS SPECIALTY.
COOL, SO WHERE ARE WE GOING?
SEEING AS HOW I LOST MY LAST FIFTY AT THE DOG TRACK THIS MORNING, WE ONLY GOT ONE PLACE OPEN TO US!
:AHEM:
OH, HI, SIS!
EXCUSE ME, I WAS EXPECTING THE CABLE MAN.
I SEE SOME THINGS HAVEN'T CHANGED.
LIKE YOUR HOUSEDRESS.
LOOK WHO'S TALKING! AT LEAST I DON'T SHOPLIFT MY CLOTHES FROM TARGET!
:AHEM:
..ANYMORE.
THERE'S MY GIRLS! I LOVE TO SEE YOU BACK ON EACH OTHER LIKE A COUPLE OF FERAL ALLEY CATS.
DING DONG
BE A DEAR AND GET THAT, WOULD YOU? I NEED TO BORROW YOUR MAN TO HELP ME SCREW IN A BULB.
KEEP HIM -- BUT YOU GOTTA WALK HIM EVERY DAY.
HI, IS TRIXIE HERE?
UM... SHE ISN'T DECENT.
HUNKY CABLE
THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT HER.
IS THAT RIGHT? WELL, I'M HER BIG SISTER AND I TAUGHT HER EVERYTHING SHE KNOWS.
WINK
UM...WELL I NEED TO INSTALL SOME CABLE.
EVERYTHING YOU NEED, SUGAR, IS DOWN IN THE CELLAR. I'LL SHOW YOU.

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MONROE

BONO
WOW! LOOK AT ALL COLLEEN'S STUFF! MAN, THIS CHICK IS INTO U2! WHOA! A DIARY!
DAMN, IT ACCIDENTALLY GOT PRIED OPEN!
"...DEAR DIARY, I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THE LITTLE FREAK WHO LIVES ACROSS TOWN. ALL MY FRIENDS THINK I'M CRAZY BUT I STILL THINK HE'S KINDA CUTE, IN A LITTLE FREAK SORTA WAY..."
YAHOO! I'M A CUTE LITTLE FREAK!
UH OH!
OPEN!
YAH, I MET HIM AT THE LEARNIN' CENTER. HE'S TAKIN' CHINESE COOKIN' CLASSES.
WAIT A SECOND! WALTER? HE'S "THE CUTE LITTLE FREAK"?
COME AGAYN? WAIT, WHAT'S ALL THIS THEN? YE WERE IN MY DIARY!
NO, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, LIKE YOUR NAME ON MY FOOT! I MEAN...
GIT OUTTA MY ROOM!
FINE! I HOPE YOU AND WALTER ARE HAPPY TOGETHER. AND U2 HASN'T DONE ANYTHING GOOD SINCE "UNFORGETTABLE FIRE"!
THAT'S IT THEN!
SWING!!
WAK!
THEY'RE GONE!
HERE'S A NOTE.
"DEAR HUMAN GARBAGE FAMILY, WE DIDN'T TAKE YOUR VALUABLES BECAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE ANY. NOT ONE. THANKS FOR WASTING OUR TIME. YOU ALL SUCK. SIGNED, THE EXTERMINATORS."
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? FINALLY IT PAYS OFF TO BE WORTHLESS!
THE DAY WASN'T A TOTAL LOSS, WE GOT A NICE FAMILY VISIT OUT OF IT.
I HAVEN'T FELT THIS SATISFIED IN MONTHS!
I HEAR THAT!
SURE, THAT WAS A GREAT WAY TO SPEND A SATURDAY.
SMACK!!

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MONROE. HOW AYRE YA?
I'M GREAT, COLLEEN. YOUR ENGLISH HAS GOTTEN REAL GOOD.
YAH. I'VE BEEN TAKIN' NIGHT CLASSES AT THE LEARNIN' CENTER.
SO, UH, YOU EVER THINK ABOUT ME?
IT'S FOONY. I WAS JEST THINKIN' ABOUT YE.
IS THAT RIGHT?
YAH. YER FRIENDLY WITH THAT CUTE LITTLE FREAK WALTER AVREN'T YE?
WALTER!?!
I THINK EVERYONE BETTER COME SEE THIS.
A RASH OF BURGLARIES IN THE AREA HAVE BEEN ATTRIBUTED TO THESE TWO CON ARTISTS WHO, POSING AS EXTERMINATORS, TENT A HOUSE AND REMOVE ALL ITS VALUABLES.
BACK IN THE CAR!
SHE'S GOT YOUR NUMBER, BUSTER.
IT WAS SHORT BUT SWEET.
THANKS FOR THE HELP, MA'AM!
AND THANK YOU -- FOR SHOWING ME THE HIGH BAND ON THE CABLE!
CALL ON ME IF YOU EVER NEED SERVICING AT HOME.
COUNT ON IT.
WHAT'S HIS PROBLEM?
I THINK LITTLE COLLEEN BROKE HIS HEART.
MORE LIKE MY RIBS, I THINK I HAVE INTERNAL BLEEDING.
THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR FIGHTING WITH THE IRISH.
YOU LITTLE FREAK!
NO! WALTER'S THE LITTLE FREAK! THAT'S THE PROBLEM!
HUSH HUSH. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, SWEETIE. YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A LITTLE FREAK TO US. ALWAYS.
ABSOLUTELY! HE'S MORE FREAK THAN BOY TO ME!
UM... THANKS? THAT'S JUST GREAT!
BillWhaaa

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THE SOUND OF MUTANTS DEPT.

MAD's GENETICALLY-ALTERED

But wait! There's more! Order the Uncanny X-Men Pasta Pot and you'll also receive this set of lifetime-guaranteed kitchen knives!
This glazed look in my eyes is the same one the audience had during my endless Oscar acceptance speech!
Please God, let this be one of the movies Halle Berry gets naked in!

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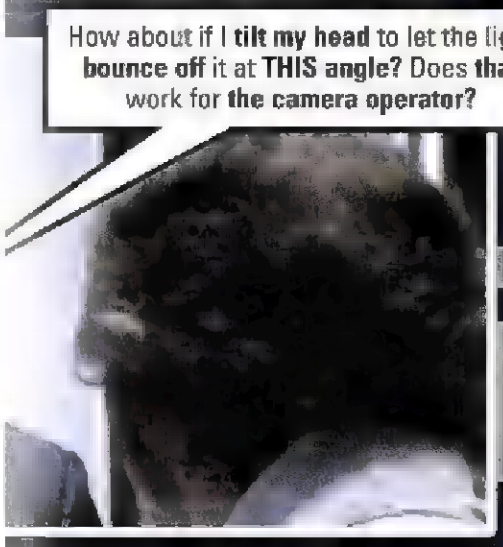
OUTTAKES FROM X2



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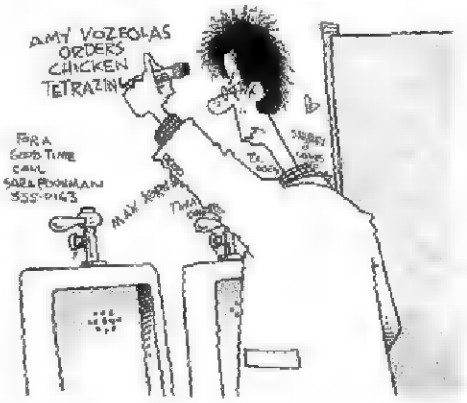
Dating is hard — and nothing is harder than that first date. The self-consciousness, the clumsy gestures, the awkward silence...and it only gets worse after you arrive at her house! Sure, that first night out is a rough start, but the longest journey begins with the first step. And hopefully, you'll be able to avoid stepping in something foul if you read...

MAD'S FIELD-TESTED TIPS FOR YOUR FIRST date

If your date's a proponent of piercing, a refrigerator magnet strategically hidden in your mouth can make for an interesting, prolonged good night kiss.



As far as men's room graffiti is concerned, it's a good idea to wait until your date is actually over before committing your words to plaster.

There are many ways to turn the subject around to sex. "Stupid condom tricks" is not the most effective.

Don't pretend to be something you're not... particularly if it involves a costume.

A rule of thumb to keep in mind: a strolling violinist is romantic... a close friend who can belch the Barenaked Ladies' last two albums is not.

It's good to be a gentleman and open doors for her, just not to the ladies' room.

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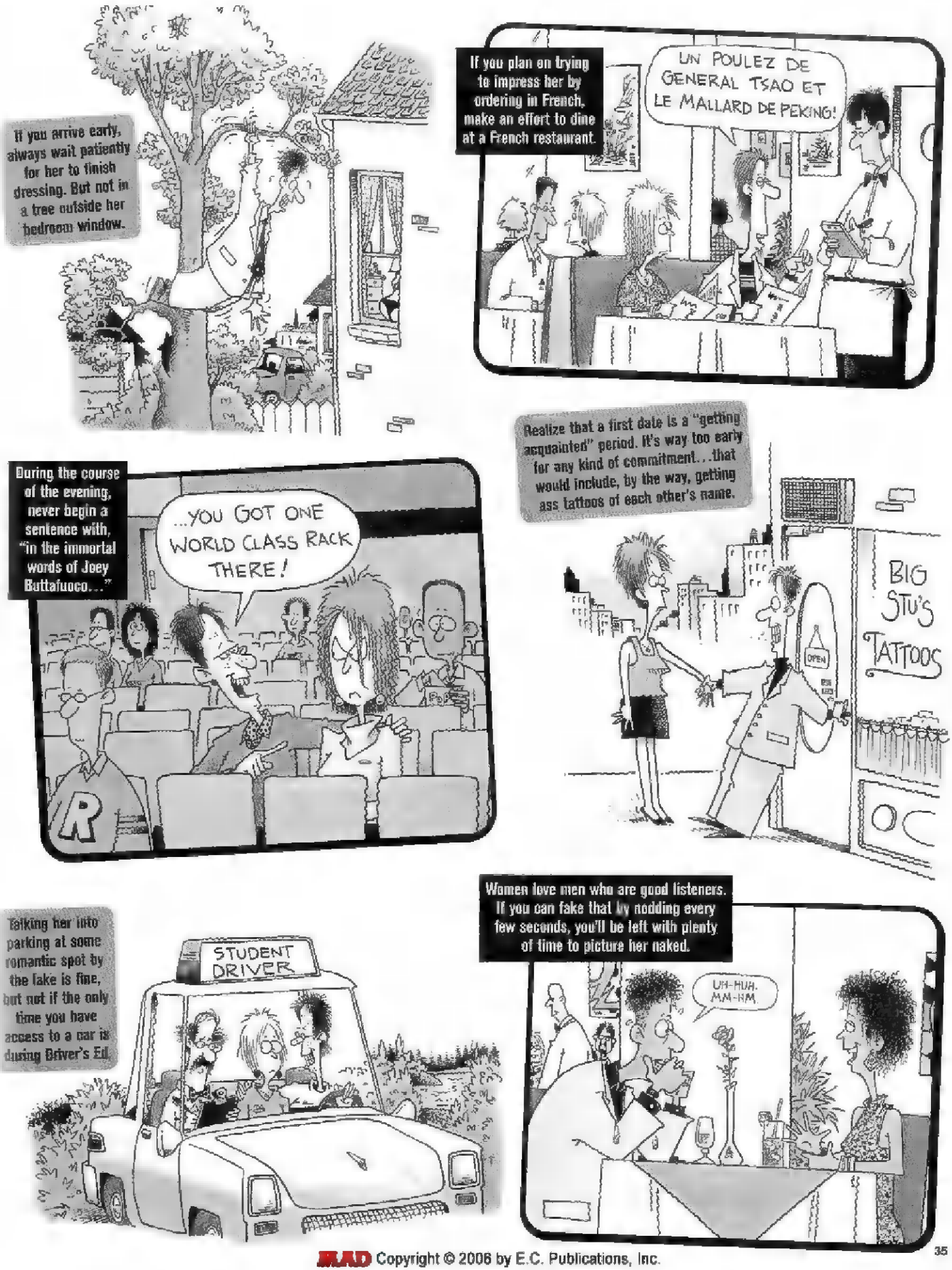
If you arrive early, always wait patiently for her to finish dressing. But not in a tree outside her bedroom window.
If you plan on trying to impress her by ordering in French, make an effort to dine at a French restaurant.
UN POULEZ DE GENERAL TSAO ET LE MALLARD DE PEKING!
During the course of the evening, never begin a sentence with, "In the immortal words of Joey Buttafuoco..."
...YOU GOT ONE WORLD CLASS RACK THERE!
R
Realize that a first date is a "getting acquainted" period. It's way too early for any kind of commitment...that would include, by the way, getting ass tattoos of each other's name.
BIG STU'S TATTOOS
OPEN
Talking her into parking at some romantic spot by the lake is fine, but not if the only time you have access to a car is during Driver's Ed.
STUDENT DRIVER
Women love men who are good listeners. If you can fake that by nodding every few seconds, you'll be left with plenty of time to picture her naked.
UH-HUH. MM-HM.

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ADVICE AND WRITTEN: PETER KUPER
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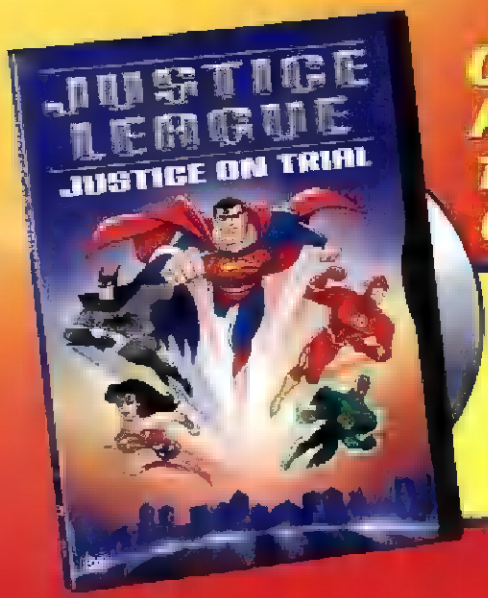
JUSTICE WILL BE SERVED!



OWN THESE NEW ADVENTURES FROM THE ANIMATED SERIES ON DVD & VIDEO!

DVD SPECIAL FEATURES

- Episode Introductions with producer/director Bruce Timm
- The Look of the League
- I.D. Set Top Challenge

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DISAPPOINTS TO PONDER DEPT.

THINGS THAT YOU'LL REVIEW

Let's face it, your parents may mean well, but they're clueless. Clueless about the things you learn at school, clueless about how you spend your free time and clueless about what you really like. And nowhere is their gross ineptitude more on display than when it comes to video games. To them, as they're concerned, computer solitaire features cutting-edge graphics and a blend of intense action gaming with strategy! So when your birthday present turns out to be a brand new game, be prepared to be disappointed, and don't be surprised with these...

"**Improved graphics** make it **a snap** to distinguish between **Reverends Falwell** and **Robertson!**"

"In **more advanced stages,** the game moves **so fast** you'll probably have to **limit yourself** to **only three Bingo cards...**"

"...and by **Level Three,** the **yodeling** may prove **too intense** for **younger gamers.**"

"...gives you **the option to role-play** as Federal Reserve Chairman **Alan Greenspan** on a **well-earned** day of **antiquing...**"

"**State-of-the-art graphics** make you **believe** you're **actually folding in** the **egg whites!**"

"...awesome **parallel parking** simulation!"

"After **20 minutes** of play, you'll **believe** you really **ARE** one of the **Three Tenors!**"

"**Not based** on the **action movie block-buster,** but rather, on an obscure **Alfred Lord Tennyson poem** of the **same name...**"

ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND · WRITER: JOHN CAWLEY

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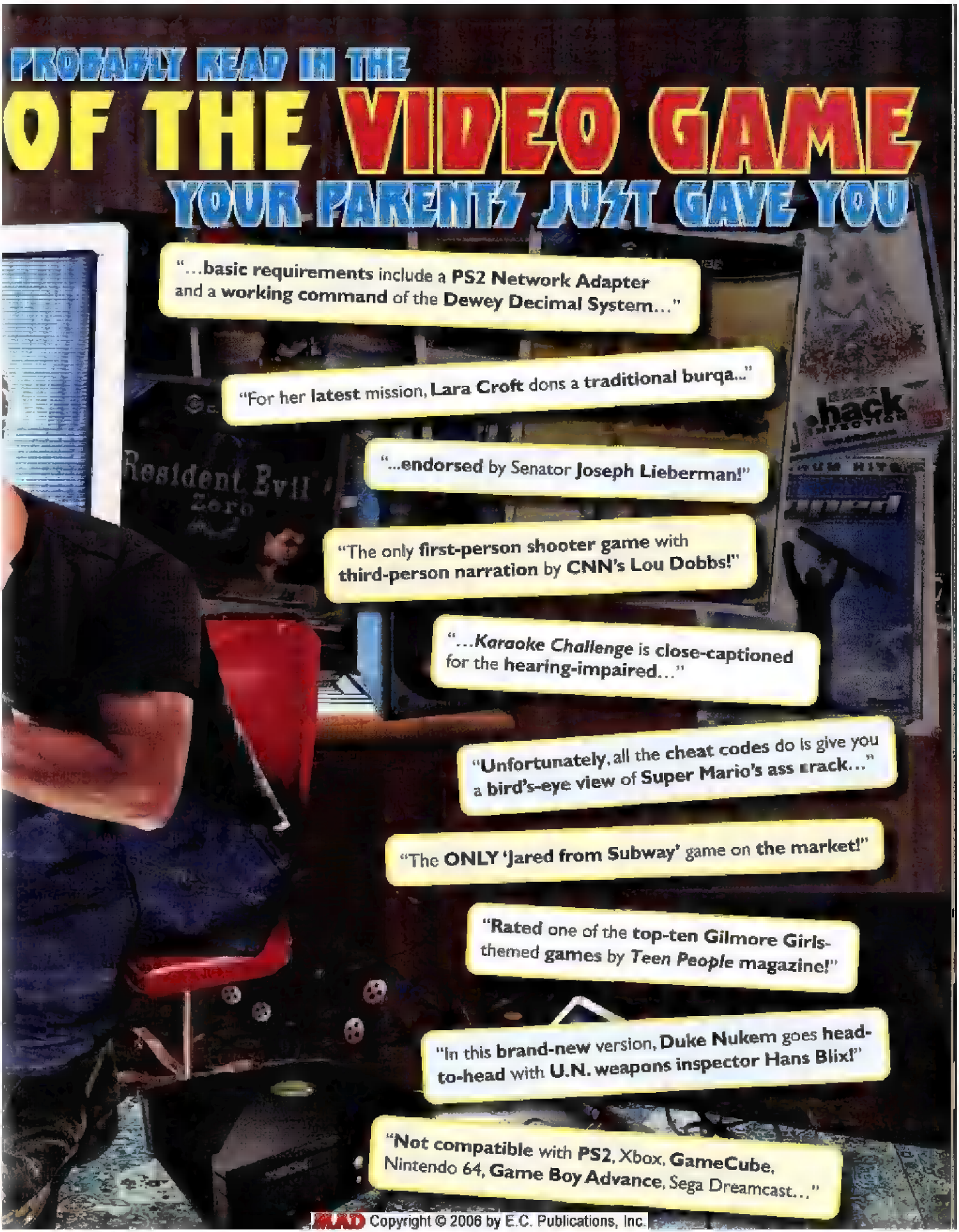
PROBABLY READ IN THE
OF THE VIDEO GAME
YOUR PARENTS JUST GAVE YOU
"...basic requirements include a PS2 Network Adapter and a working command of the Dewey Decimal System..."
"For her latest mission, Lara Croft dons a traditional burqa..."
"...endorsed by Senator Joseph Lieberman!"
"The only first-person shooter game with third-person narration by CNN's Lou Dobbs!"
"...Karaoke Challenge is close-captioned for the hearing-impaired..."
"Unfortunately, all the cheat codes do is give you a bird's-eye view of Super Mario's ass crack..."
"The ONLY 'Jared from Subway' game on the market!"
"Rated one of the top-ten Gilmore Girls-themed games by Teen People magazine!"
"In this brand-new version, Duke Nukem goes head-to-head with U.N. weapons inspector Hans Blix!"
"Not compatible with PS2, Xbox, GameCube, Nintendo 64, Game Boy Advance, Sega Dreamcast..."
Resident Evil Zero
.hack
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MAD's 2003 Spring Break COURSE SELECTION

A special note from the editors of MAD to concerned parents of college students:

Moms and dads:

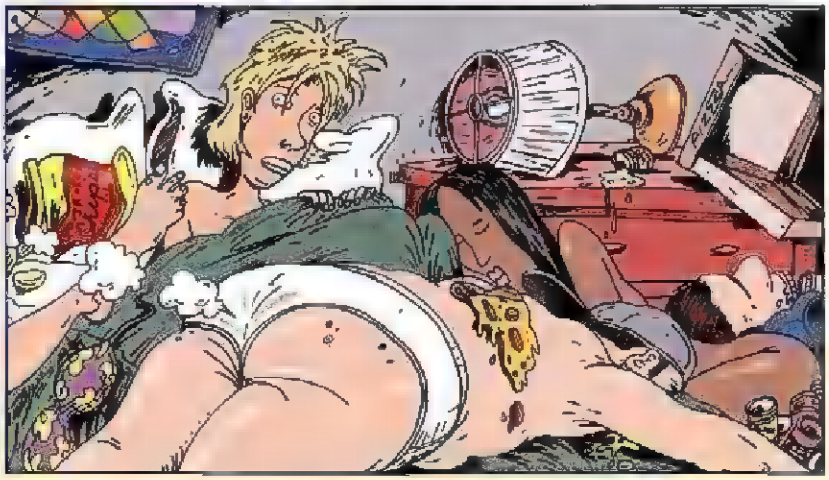
If you watched any of the grinding, drinking, shrieking, puking, sweating, howling, drooling, chugging, groping, flaunting, crashing, hitching, flashing, slamming TV specials and reports from Spring Break last month, you might get the idea that America's students have nothing on their mind except the next "best buns" contest. Nothing could be further from the truth! Your sons and daughters traveled south to continue their studies while school was not in session! At Spring Break, their thirst is for knowledge, and their hunt is for the pleasures of intellectual interaction with like-minded students! You'll believe it after perusing...

ARCHITECTURAL STUDIES

By the end of a week in a shared motel room, the cleaning service will encounter a pyramid of empty beer cans built by the 20 students who stayed there to rival anything constructed by the ancient Egyptians.

PRINCIPLES OF JOURNALISM

Many of the five W's are studied when coeds wake up in an unfamiliar room, look at the naked frat boy passed out across their legs, and ask, "Who? What? Where? When? Why?"



PHYSICS 101

Spring Break allows students to perform the kinds of hands-on experiments that can't be done in a campus lab. Such as, precisely how much H_2O is displaced from a standing body of water when its surface is broken by an ice machine chucked off the 14th floor?

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ak TIONS

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING WORKSHOP

As a natural extension of the pioneering work of Thomas Edison, James Watt, Nikola Tesla, Charles Steinmetz, Alessandro Volta, Michael Faraday and others who dedicated their lives ■ science, participants use laser pens to shine red dots on girls' breasts.

SOCIOLOGICAL STUDIES IN DEVIANT BEHAVIOR

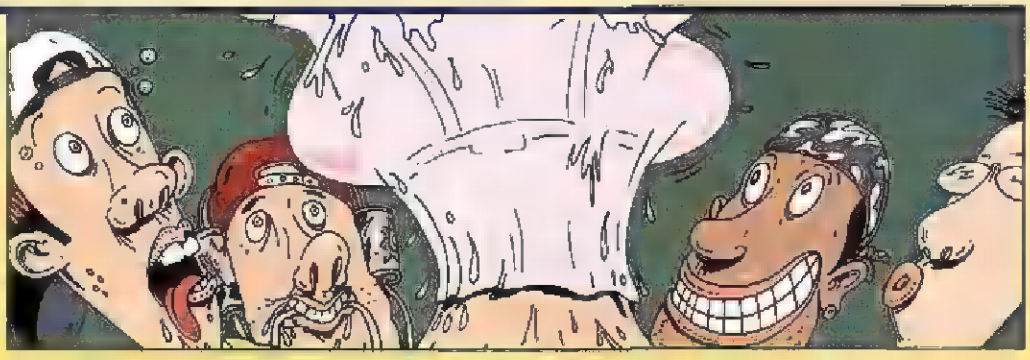
Examining the thought process by which it's considered "fun" or "cool" ■ stand on a 6-inch-square spot under a blistering sun for 11 hours to "keep your place," all for the rich reward of spotting an MTV VJ who'll be fired in the next three months.

BASIC GEOMETRY

A "parabola" is the locus of a point moving in a plane such that its distances from a fixed point (or locus), and from ■ fixed straight line (or directrix), are equal. For a memorable demonstration of this dynamic, students chase undercooked buffalo wings and dollar beers with half a dozen rum shots.

PHYSIOLOGY AND CONDITIONED REFLEXES

The primary difference between the behavioral experiments conducted by Ivan Pavlov in the 1870s and the ones conducted during any Spring Break is that while Pavlov used a bell to make dogs drool, the same result is achieved when wet T-shirts are substituted.



ARTIST: KEVIN BODE WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

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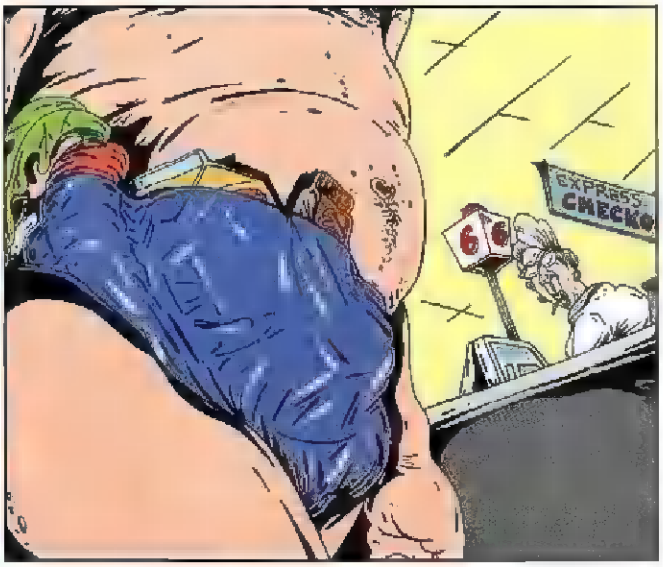
MAD's 2006 Spring Break COURSE SELECTIONS

COMMUNICATION ARTS

A course in which students learn through field studies that every possible human concept may be expressed in a screeching "WOOOOOOOOO!!!!!"

APPLIED CULINARY ARTS

Among the topics: learning how the four basic nutritional groups are theoretically represented in any bus depot vending machine, discussing which foods can be shoplifted inside a pair of Speedos without arousing suspicion, and the proper presentation of whipped cream on nipples in a social situation.

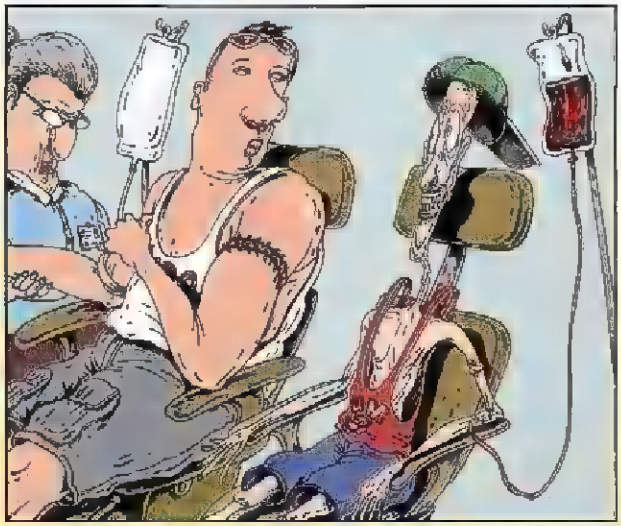


THE ROMANCE LANGUAGES: GREEK

A survey of some of the important Greek words students will become familiar with during their trip, including "chlamydia," "gonorrhea" and "herpes."

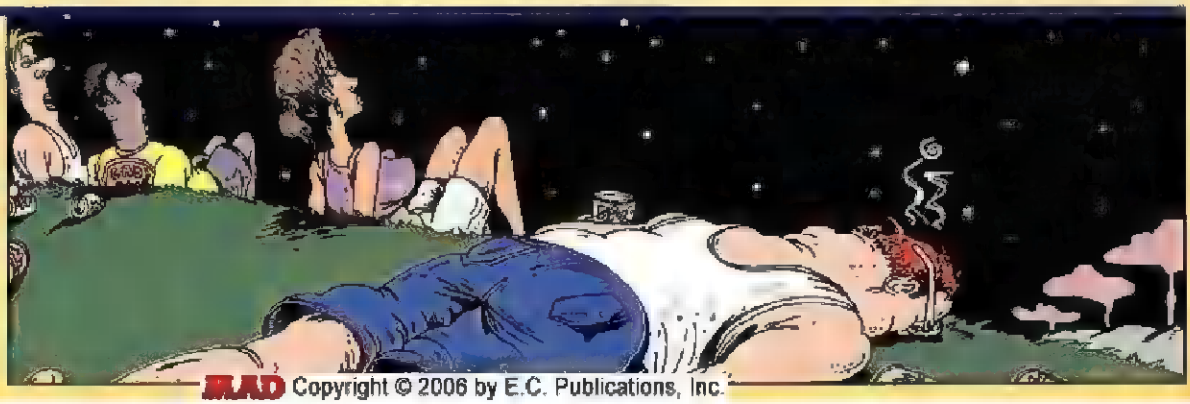
ADVANCED THEORY OF FINANCE

After their wallet, luggage and ride home disappear, students need to decide how many of their eight pints of blood they can afford to sell in order to get back home to Minneapolis.



INTRODUCTION TO MEDITATION

Students spend 4 to 10 hours emptying their minds and gazing towards the constellations. Unless they pass out face down.



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You could win a Super Grand Prize – a DVD Player and 3 SuperHero DVDs!

SuperHero™ Month Sweepstakes

50 1st Prize winners receive a Gift Package

which includes a Warner Home Video SuperHero DVD and 10 DC comics

For official rules and a chance to win

dccomics.com/superheromonth

No purchase necessary. Open to legal residents of the United States, excluding residents of Florida and Puerto Rico, who are 13 years of age or older, as of April 1, 2003. Void in Florida, Puerto Rico, and where prohibited. Sweepstakes ends April 30, 2003.

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Bad buffet food, expensive shows that really aren't that good, annoying and tacky tourists, oh, and the fact that you're going to lose your shirt at the one-armed bandits — these are all obvious things that will happen to you in Vegas. There are, however, other, less obvious occurrences that pretty much *guarantee* you'll have a crappy vacation! Here's...

Sure Bets In VEGAS

ARTIST: DANIEL GUIDERA
WRITER: SCOTT MAIKO

It's a Sure Bet in Vegas... that you'll spend more time waiting in line for the buffet than you actually will dining.

It's a Sure Bet in Vegas... that the first $75 you'll lose will have been on a shopping bag full of "How To Beat the Odds" books you buy and study two weeks before your trip that you're sure will give you an edge over the multi-billion dollar casinos engineered solely to separate you from your money.

It's a Sure Bet in Vegas... that the $1.99 Filet Mignon special advertised on a plywood sidewalk easel *does* contain the meat of some sort of domesticated animal.

It's also a sure bet, however, that it's not a cow.

It's a Sure Bet in Vegas... that the number of selections available at the buffet you're dining at is dwarfed only by the quantity of bacteria incubating in the trays of congealed food that's spent the last six hours under a heatlamp being poked and prodded by the 1,200 diners who preceded you.

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It's a Sure Bet in Vegas...that the bizarre, complicated ritual you employ for good luck has no bearing whatsoever on the cards you are dealt, the dice you roll or the slot machines you play.

It's a Sure Bet in Vegas...that the bedspread in your room at Caesar's Palace contains more DNA than the petri dish backstage at a Maury Povich "You're My Baby's Father and I Can Prove It!" episode.

It's a Sure Bet in Vegas...that you'll be unable to redeem more that one coupon from the dozens you clip from the free Vegas "fun book" you picked up at the airport.

It's a Sure Bet in Vegas...that the chintzy commemorative cocktail glass filled with a quart of Kool-Aid and a thimbleful of rum that you blew 15 bucks on at the Excalibur will be the centerpiece of the "Your Choice — 25 Cents Each" table at your yard sale a year later.

And it's also a sure bet no one will buy it.

It's a Sure Bet in Vegas...that from the time you order a drink from a cocktail waitress until she finally returns with it, your "complimentary" martini will have cost you upwards of 30 bucks in quarters.

It's a Sure Bet in Vegas...that an assortment of co-workers, friends and relatives will give you $10 or more "to gamble for them." You'll lose it all, and they'll secretly think that whatever little money you did win was from the money they gave you.

It's a Sure Bet in Vegas...that once you sober up, you'll think it wasn't such a hot idea to pay $35 for a cheap cotton t-shirt advertising the multi-billion dollar casino that just robbed you of $600.

It's a Sure Bet in Vegas...that every forgotten '70s star with any sort of dubious link to music has headlined, is headlining, or soon will headline a show where the "talent" takes a back seat to the special effects.

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And coming this Fall, two more insanely funny books by Andy Griffiths—*Just Kidding* and *Just Annoying*.

SCHOLASTIC

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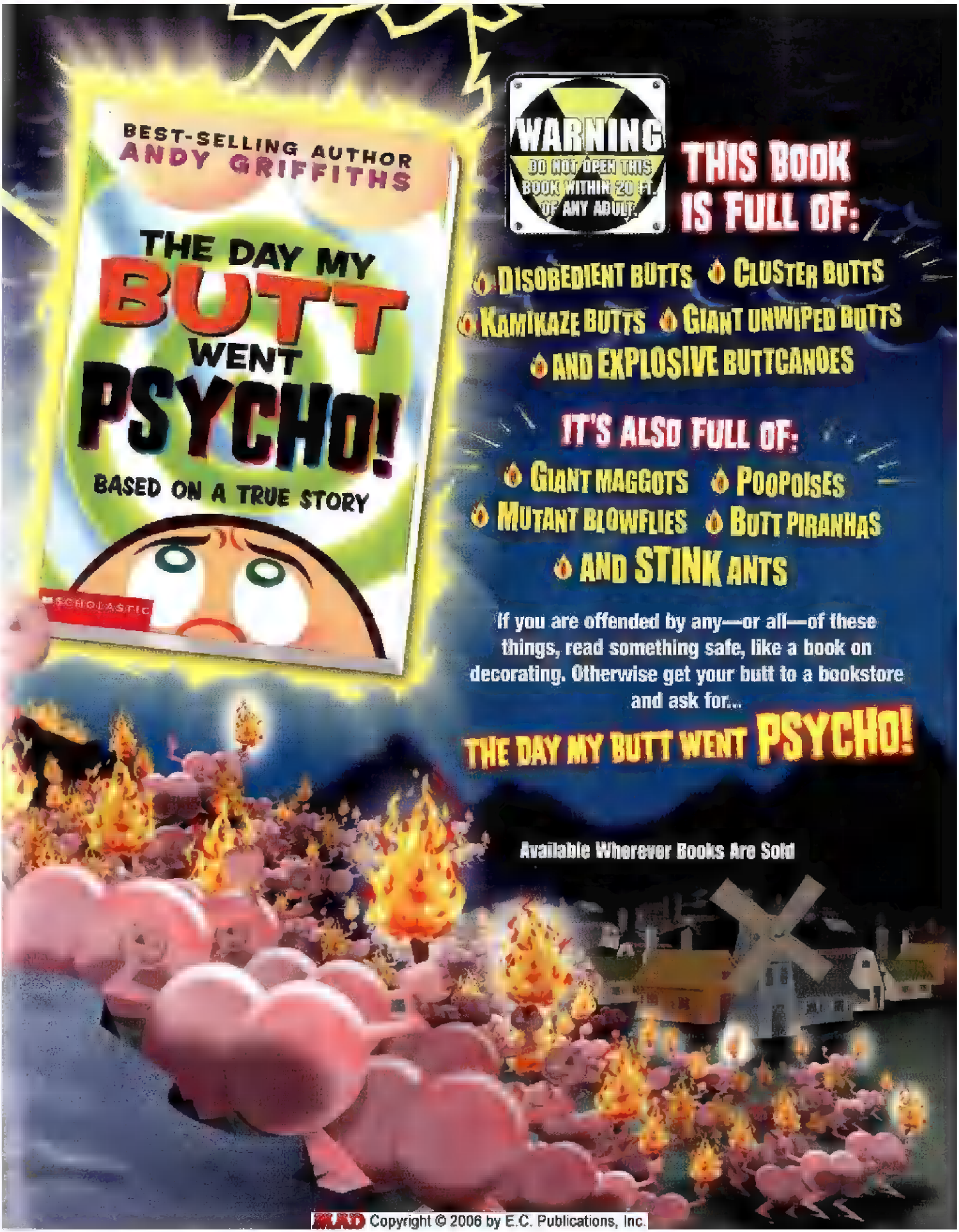
BEST-SELLING AUTHOR
ANDY GRIFFITHS
THE DAY MY BUTT WENT PSYCHO!
BASED ON A TRUE STORY
SCHOLASTIC
WARNING
DO NOT OPEN THIS BOOK WITHIN 20 FT. OF ANY ADULT.
THIS BOOK IS FULL OF:
DISOBEDIENT BUTTS
CLUSTER BUTTS
KAMIKAZE BUTTS
GIANT UNWIPED BUTTS
AND EXPLOSIVE BUTTCANOES
IT'S ALSO FULL OF:
GIANT MAGGOTS
POOPOISES
MUTANT BLOWFLIES
BUTT PIRANHAS
AND STINK ANTS
If you are offended by any—or all—of these things, read something safe, like a book on decorating. Otherwise get your butt to a bookstore and ask for...
THE DAY MY BUTT WENT PSYCHO!
Available Wherever Books Are Sold

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HOUR GANG DEPT.

What a great idea! A TV show that covers just 24 hours of a single day. Each week fans see just one hour of the 24! Millions tune in! They're confronted by a huge cast! Multiple plots! Multiple subplots! Multiple images! Quick cuts! Five scenes jammed onto the small TV screen at the same time! Characters that look so much like each other, you don't know who's who! As the weeks go by, the audience gives up trying to figure out what the hell is going on, and for the final episode, how many people are actually still watching?

24 VIEWERS

The following takes place between 8 a.m. and 9 a.m. PST or 9 a.m. and 10 a.m. MTN...or 10 a.m. and 11 a.m. CST...or 11 a.m. to noon EST. Overseas viewers — you're on your own!

I'm Jerk Sour! I quit CTU last season, but I'm back! It's nerve-racking, dangerous work, hunting down spies! Okay, I admit it. I'm a little high-strung! These people I'm mowing down in the supermarket aren't spies, but every one of them asked for plastic instead of a paper bag! I hate it when people don't think of the environment!

The upside of my job is that I get to blow away anyone I feel like! That, plus the fact that I only work Tuesday nights for one really intense hour a week! That leaves 6 days and 23 hours to mellow out! Hell, if you take out time for the commercials, I only work 42 minutes a week! 42 minutes work for a full week's salary! Typical of how the American government spends your tax dollars!

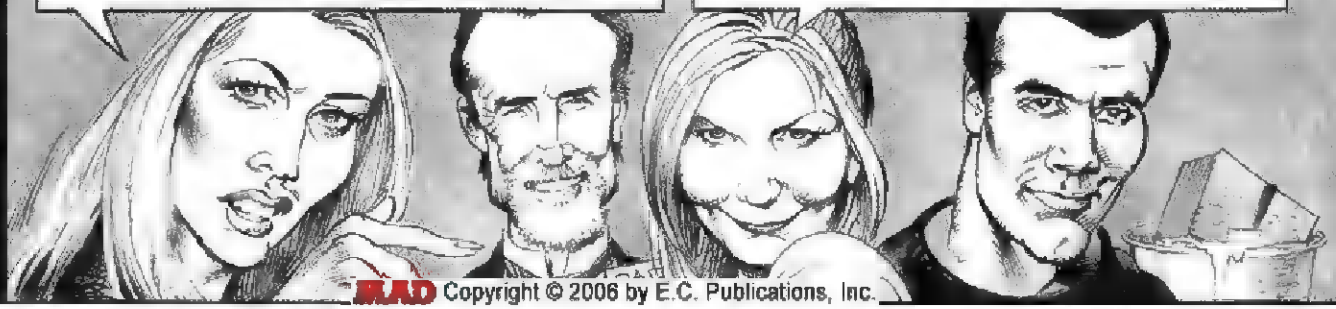
It's about time that a black man got to be President! Finally, a black man gets to share in all the responsibilities of the White House! Like those white Presidents who have gone before me, I get to lie to the press, declare war without consulting Congress, appoint morons to the Supreme Court, make shady deals with big businesses, have people detained on a whim...the list is endless! Yep, it's good to be President!

I'm Standin, President Palmer's right-hand man! I read every communication destined for the President! The ones I think are unimportant, he never sees! The ones I think are good, I take credit for!

I'm the President's chief aide! It's my job to help protect the President and, of course, being in Washington, the political backstabbing capital of the world, my most important job is to protect my own ass first!

I'm Kake! My sister, Marry, always had more ambition! She was the first to want to get married, and the first to want to help take over the world! And the first in the family willing to commit murder! Next to her, I'm such a failure!

That handsome guy on the right is my fiance, Raisin, but I'm not going to marry him! I can't tell him that, because he would be heartbroken. So I'm going to kill him instead! Yes, I'm THAT sensitive to his feelings!



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I'm Dim! Trying to get my Dad, Jerk, on the phone is just about impossible! Then, when I do get him, he always has an excuse why he can't see me! He says he's stopping a nuclear explosion, or executing a terrorist, or cracking a spy ring! A typical male — no priorities! Especially today, when I need him most for something really important! I'm having a bad hair day!

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! CLICK!

I'm Merun! Dim is my Nanny! She gets paid $20 an hour! Normally a Nanny would only make $15 an hour, but since my dad is a child-beating, wife-killing, raging psychopath, we spring for the extra $5 an hour! Whenever my dad, Scary goes into one of his fits, Dim takes me away from home so he can't touch me! She always brings me to a safe place to hang out! Right now she's hidden me here at this smelting factory, where I'll be free from harm!

What's all this talk about me being an irrational father? Irrational? Irrational? And what are you looking at? Yeah, you! You, reading this panel! Who the hell do you think you are? You want a punch in the mouth? Go to another panel and leave me alone! If you really want to know why I'm irrational, it's because all I ever get to do on this show is be irrational! And that makes me furious! Would it kill them to write me a rational scene? Like letting me use a doorknob to open a door once in a while?

ARTIST: BOB JULIAN WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO TONAL RENDERING: WILDSTORM

Being a highly trained Systems Validation Analyst here at CTU is scary! Here, when you see "fatal error" on your computer screen, it means you're a goner! For years, I thought CTU stood for Counter Terrorist Unit, but it actually stands for Contrived Timetable Unit! That's why there are those stupid digital clock numbers all over the place!

I'm Special Agent Brazen, head of the top secret Shhhhh Unit here at CTU! During a raid, I was exposed to a lethal dose of Plutonium and given a week to live! Fortunately, on this show, when you live just one hour every seven days, a week turns out to be quite a bit of time! Hell, I may even live to... cough...cough...uh, maybe not!

I wrote the top-top-secret encryption codes for every highly-classified document we have on file! When there was a big explosion at CTU, only I could give the secret code! That's because the Post-It Note I kept on my monitor with the secret code got blown away and couldn't be found!

I'm Jerk's wife, Tarry! I was killed in the first season, but when the producers do these fast-paced montage shots to fill the screen, all the characters look like other characters and in the confusion, you won't even remember I'm dead!

I'm Ninny! I killed Jerk's wife, and I'd like to kill her again! She's dead and she has a panel, and I just have my head stuck in here!

BOOM-BOOMP! BOOM-BOOMP! BOOM-BOOMP!

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The following takes place between pages 51 and 53 of this magazine!
I need these surveillance pictures developed as quickly as possible! Top CTU priority!
There's a roll going through now, Jerk, then yours will go right in! They'll be ready in exactly one hour!
Great! That fills this week's hour!
FILM LAB
101
BOOM 1:04:10 A.M. OOM-BOOMP! BOOM-BOOMP!
The following takes place one hour after the hour you saw in last week's episode!
I want to join your secret terrorist organization!
How do we know you're not an undercover agent out to bust up our secret terrorist group?
Listen! I have no morals and no conscience. I'm willing to do anything to anybody, no matter how despicable! "Screw everybody American" is my motto!
Oh, so you're a lawyer!
Welcome, fellow scumbag!
We got a hold of a nuclear bomb! It's set to go off by 10:30 tomorrow morning in Los Angeles!
Er, actually, not tomorrow morning! I sent it "second day" delivery! The FedEx clerk said it would be a lot cheaper!
You sent a nuclear bomb via FedEx?
Who else? I hate those ugly brown UPS trucks, and Airborne is totally unreliable for this caper!
How is Jerk transmitting these images back to us at CTU headquarters?
Via hidden cams! We stuck a mini TV camera up his left nostril for headshots! If you want to see some low angle shots, we can switch to the one we stuck up his...
No! These shots are fine!
BOOM-BOOMP! B 3:13:53 A.M. P! BOOM-BOOMP!
MeRun, I have to go run some errands, so you stay here where it's safe!
What if I need you? What if my dad finds me? You know he usually finds me once an episode!
Don't worry! I paid this lady a few bucks to watch you! Her name is Ninny! She's a very interesting person! She's a murderess and a traitor to the country!
Well, at least she makes my father look good by comparison!
TRAFFIC
TAXI
Hey, why are we in this story?
Let's face it, Bart! This show is basically a two-hour movie of the week stretched out to 24 episodes! You gotta fill it with something! So it might as well be something else FOX owns!
True, they never miss an opportunity to cross-market! With good reason, too! If it weren't for this show and ours, FOX wouldn't have any ratings at all!
BOOM-BOOM 8:00 EST BOOMP!

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The following takes place after the writers drank straight Scotch from 4 p.m. to 9 p.m. and then started writing the dialogue!
Mr. President, I don't want to speak out of turn, but I think your ex-wife Sherbet is working behind your back to overthrow your administration!
Well at least she's working! I told her she should do something with her time, and not bother me!
David, I will admit I have done a few things behind your back, like appearing to help terrorists get a nuclear bomb into the country. But it's in Los Angeles, and we're in Oregon, hundreds of miles away! What's the big deal?
BOOM-BOOMP!
6:04:44 d-day
BOOM-BOOMP!
The following takes place between VIII p.m. and IX p.m.!
Are we sure that really is Jerk and not a double?
What makes you doubt it's really Jerk?
We've been watching him for more than ten minutes and he hasn't punched someone out! The real Jerk loses his temper at least once every twenty minutes!
My God, you're right! We could be in serious trouble if he doesn't explode soon!
Okay, total bedlam! And just in time! Nineteen minutes, 39 seconds! It is our boy Jerk! I'm going to die now!
Yep, he's shooting up the place big time! Sometimes Jerk does more damage uncovering terrorist activity than the terrorists themselves are capable of doing!
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
Lint, it's Jerk Sour! Let me talk to the President! It's urgent!
You'll have to wait!
I expect the President's terribly busy, but it's a matter of life and death!
He's not busy at all, but you know the procedure we must follow! Before and after every dire announcement, we need at least 45 seconds of extreme close-ups!
Wow, this IS an extreme close-up!
Okay, 45 seconds are up! Here's the President!
BOOM-BOOM!
12:25:02 p.u.
BOOM-BOOMP!
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Mr. President, you are the most accessible leader the country has ever known!
I know! Maybe I shouldn't have the "hot line" number listed in the phone directory!
Sir, there's a nuclear bomb set to go off in Los Angeles! I'm on my way there now, but I'm warning you ahead of time! I know there are critical Presidential procedures in place for nuclear emergencies!
Yes, there are! The first is to start making a list of excuses why I was never told that there was a nuclear bomb in Los Angeles! Thanks for not telling me!
Just one more thing, Jerk! We have all this high-tech security, yet somehow these lunatics got their hands on a nuclear device! Any idea how they got it?
Yeah, they picked it up on eBay!
BOOM-BOOM
12:07:41 p.m.
BOOMP! BOOM-BOOMP!
MeRun, I have to go run some errands, but you'll be safe here on top of this nuclear submarine! Now, if it starts to leave the dock or submerge, knock on the lid and tell them to call me on my cell phone!
I'm beginning to think I'd be safer staying with my abusive dad!
I made it to L.A., Thorny!
Good, we're feeding your laptop live surveillance photos of Los Angeles from our SPY-CAM Blimp!
They're coming in clear! See if you can zero in on Nicole Kidman's bedroom window!
Can't do it! This is FOX, not HBO! But wait! Look at what I just zoomed in on!
Good going! Thank God people can't resist the urge to put stupid signs in their car windows!
CAUTION! NUCLEAR BOMB ON BOARD! IF YOU CAN READ THIS START PRAYING!
The following takes place between two breaks of six solid minutes of commercials!
This is the truck with the nuclear device in it! But I can't open the door!
Come on, Jerk, you can outsmart any sophisticated lock in the world, no matter how complex!
Of course I can, but this is one of those sliding bolt locks there's no way to electronically defeat it! I'm stumped!
Jerk can't get to the bomb! We're doomed!
We're in Los Angeles, that means every one of us is going to die!
Don't always look on the dark side! Some of us will only be maimed for life!
Success! I got the bomb! I ripped the truck doors off their hinges! The little slide bolt is still holding them together, but I got the bomb!
BOOM-BOOMP!
01:02:03 go!
P! BOOM

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Jerk, we fed x-ray pictures of that bomb from the SPY-CAM into our $3 trillion super-high-tech government computer and we have the analysis!
The computer has narrowed the probable odds of the device going off to between 0 and 100%!
God bless that computer! Without it, we'd just be guessing!
OOM-B 05:02:75 hut BOOMP!
The following takes place between this time
and this time!
I found the bomb, Mr. President, but I've been unable to defuse it! I fear it's going to go off!
Then take the bomb to Montana!
Montana, sir? I don't know anyone in Montana!
And I don't know anybody in Montana either! So it's a perfect place to bring it!
THE FOLLOWING TAKES PLACE IN 60 MINUTES.
MeRun, I need to run a few more errands! I'll leave you here, where you'll be safe!
What's a rifle range?
It's just like the one at the amusement park, except they use live ammo! Now, go over there and hide behind that target! You'll be safe until I come and get you!
RIFLE RANGE
I hope my flight to Montana isn't crowded!
It won't be! No one wants to go to Montana! Don't you think they'll stop you from carrying that nuclear bomb on the plane?
I don't think so! The sign says "No knives, no guns, no scissors, no meat cleavers, no sling shots, no machetes, no harpoons," but it doesn't say a word about "no nuclear devices," so I think I'm safe!
Ladies and gentlemen! The wait to get through security is one hour! Stay tuned for the next episode!
INS
CHEC
The nation is safe, sir! Well, at least from the bomb, not from me!
You disarmed it?
I didn't have to! You know that annoying digital clock that runs at the bottom of the screen?
Yes, the one that makes that damn drum beat with every tick?
Yep, that one! I took the battery out and it stopped! Without that corny countdown device, the bomb can't go off!
Did you know about the back-up battery? Jerk? Jerk????
10:98:76 . . .
BOOM-
5:43:21 . . .
OOM
KA-
BOOOOOOOOM!!!

Power to the People.

Golden Sun
The Lost Age

Harness the power of the elements, summon great forces and bring magic back to Weyard in Golden Sun: The Lost Age. Only for Game Boy Advance.

EVERYONE
E
CONTENT RATED BY ESRB
Violence

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WHAT NASTY FOREIGNER IS WREAKING HAVOC ON AMERICAN LIVES?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Open the newspaper these days and it seems that America is threatened from all sides. Even long-time allies appear to be making trouble for us. But there is one particular foreigner who is causing a great deal of discomfort among many Americans. To find out who this miserable person is, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

AMORAL FOREIGNERS OFTEN DENIGRATE OUR AMERICAN IDEOLOGY. SOME WOULD LIKE TO SEIZE CONTROL JUST TO HURT PEOPLE. LATELY, ONE GUY'S GRUDGE SIMPLY INVOLVES NASTY THREATS. SUCH UNCOMMON CONDUCT PROVES THAT HE DOESN'T WISH ANYONE WELL

A

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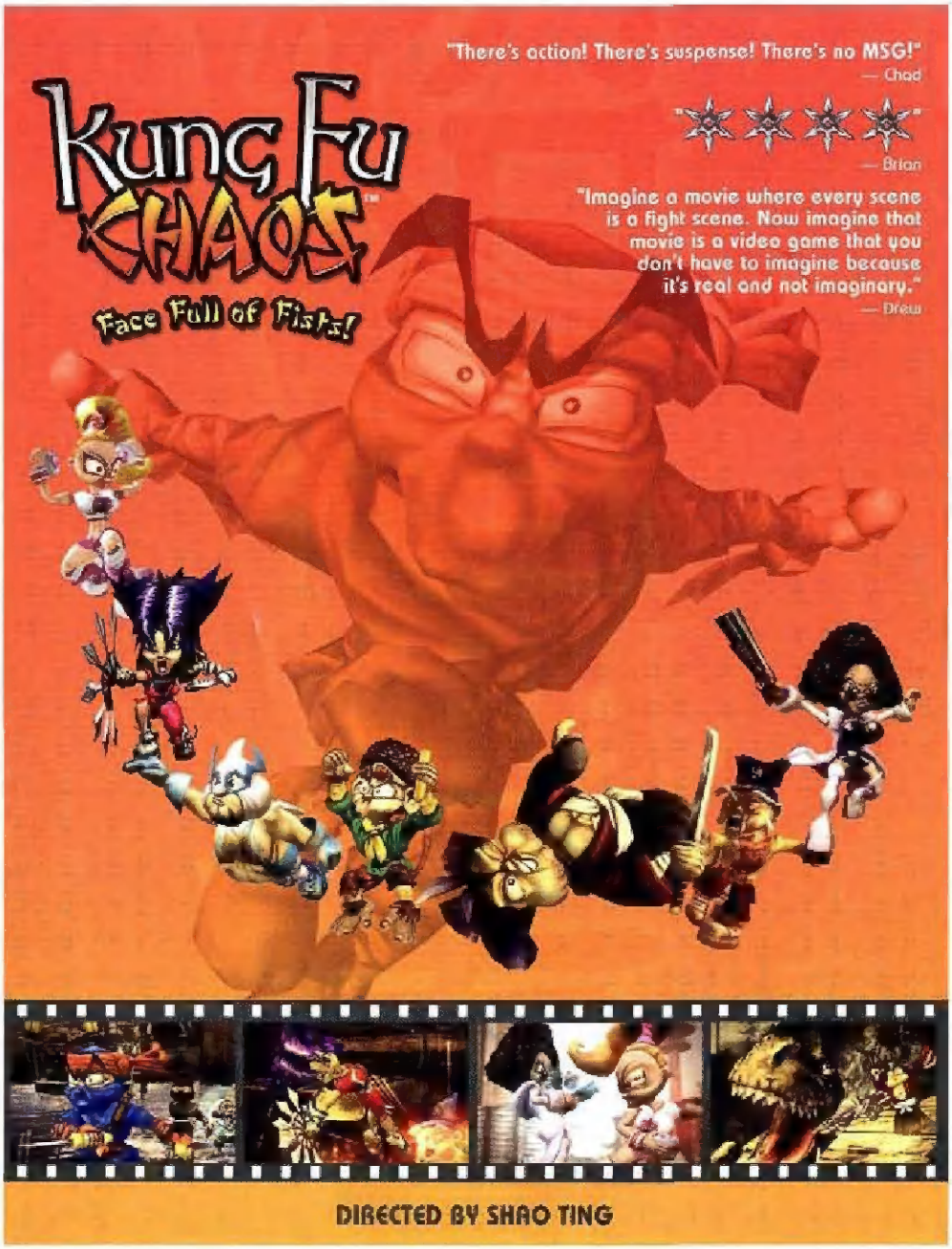
B

LIGHTS.....CAMERA.....ATTACK!!!


"There's action! There's suspense! There's no MSG!"
— Chad
"★★★★"
— Brian
"Imagine a movie where every scene is a fight scene. Now imagine that movie is a video game that you don't have to imagine because it's real and not imaginary."
— Drew
Kung Fu Chaos
Face Full of Fists!
DIRECTED BY SHAO TING

In a world where violence and celebrity go hand in hand, one video game beautifully glorifies both. *Kung Fu Chaos* is the story of director Shao Ting's mad obsession to assemble top 70's martial artists — throw them onto movie sets and have them beat the duck sauce out of each other. With 21 big-budget locations, 8 hot-tempered actors and a cameo by a mystery master, it's never the same movie — er, game twice.

TEEN T CONTENT RATED BY ESRB
Blood
Mature Humor
Mild language
Violence

Microsoft game studios

Just Add Monsters

ONLY ON XBOX

www.xbox.com
www.kungfuchaos.com

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XBOX

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